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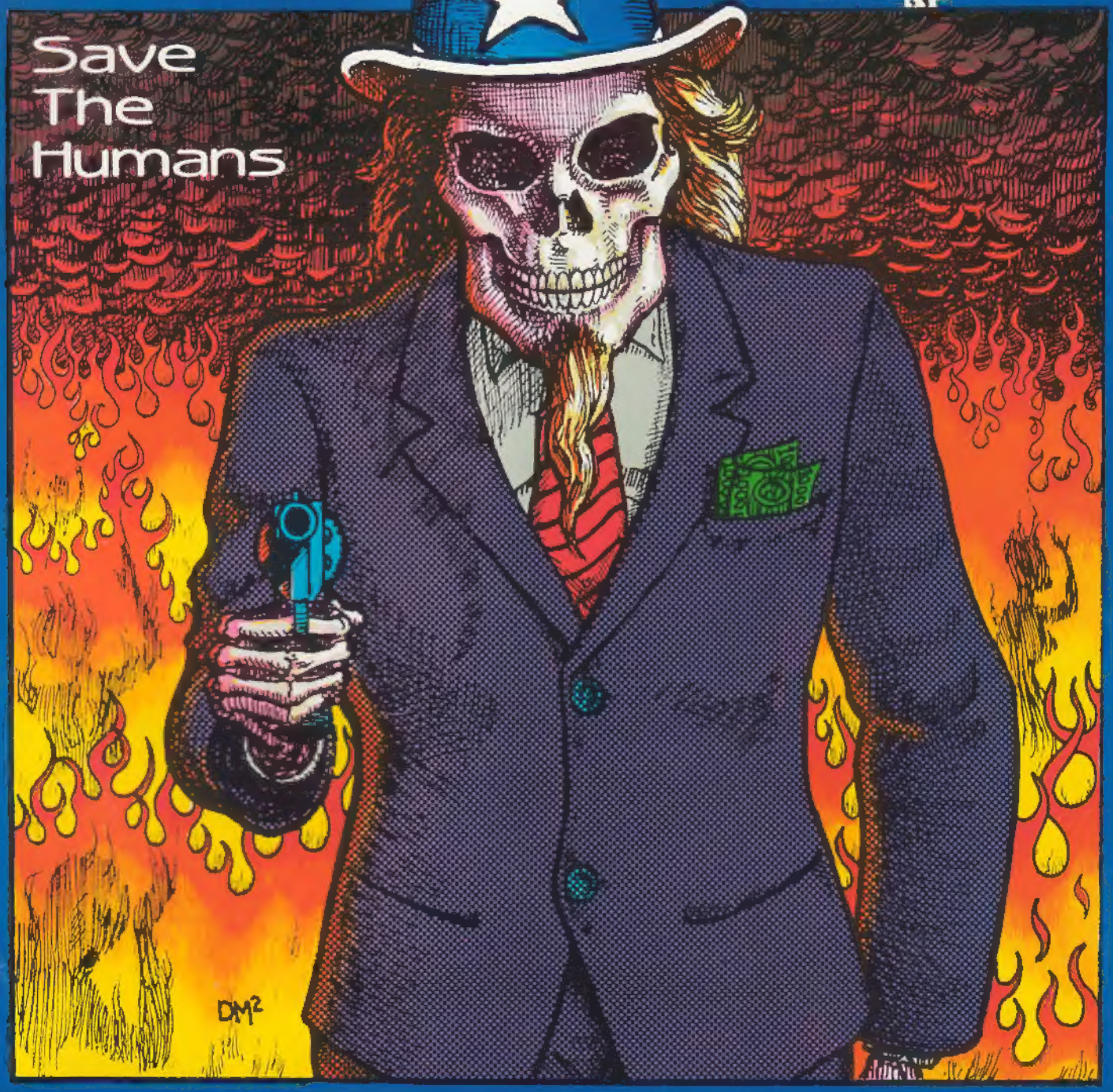
RIP OFF COMIX

No. 30



PAUL MAVRIDES
'XHR*KLI-PKTT 35, 279115
Hive 7, Comb B, Cell 16-A
Ceramotopolis, Tkk*Tct

Yo, Todd!

Greetings from the distant future! It's so beautiful here; no people (other than myself), what's left of the air is finally clean again and you could even say "life" has returned to normal, although it took well over 500,000 years to do so. You should see the beaches! There's lots more of them these days since most of the land has eroded away.

They tell me that this letter should have no trouble reaching you, even though there aren't any mailboxes, or, for that matter, post offices. Something about the circular nature of gravity waves and space/time... explanations were given but my primitive mammalian brain can't comprehend the physics contradictions involved or I'd pass it along. Too bad, you could make a fortune off the math applications alone.

I'm so glad I had my head frozen when the chance presented itself. Truth to tell, I didn't really think it would work. Imagine my surprise when I found myself reconstituted in a brand new world *and* body (not having too much visual information to go on, my benefactors can be excused for giving me only four digits per hand and, after some effort, I've learned to walk on my three gigantic, webbed "feet"). I still *feel* about the same and that's the important thing.

I'll soon have some familiar company, everyone here is all excited: next week we're going to attempt to thaw out Walt Disney! Excavators in the sunken city of Los Angeles discovered his capsule last year and recently figured out the coding on the cryo-lock. I'll be glad to finally have someone around who speaks English (and has only two arms). My puckish sense of humor compels me to suggest that our hosts grow him two huge round ears during the cellular-revving process.

To think that I was worried about Earth's survival—that concern seems silly and pointless in perspective. Looking back on it all, I now can see that America was a necessary step in the evolutionary path of the Blattidae, the present rulers of this fine, old planet. It seems that the ultimate purpose of human evolution was merely to set the stage for the true inheritors of the world.

Without the overwhelming pressure that human culture put on the global ecology, these gentle beings might have remained mere insects forever. (I tell you, don't ever feel guilty about driving your car around and around mall parking lots for hours looking for a stop slot when you go out shopping for microwave junk food. Pollution? Not at all! Think of it as terraforming.)

The roaches, or, as they call themselves, the GK'ZZCH'RPZ*KK-K-IC, now have a mighty civilization that far surpasses our own, both in technology and ethics. They refer to the closing of the 20th century as "The Great Cleansing" and study us in their many great "universities." There's a silver lining in every mushroom cloud, I guess!

Well, what can I say? Life's worth living again! Ha ha! Nobody has to work, there isn't any plastic because of the bacteria, and sex is better than ever! Who needs condoms? Not me! Naturally the girls here are a bit different, but as I'm a fairly tolerant fellow, I find their shiny exoskeletons, eight silky haired breasts (?) and iridescent, bottle-green compound eyes attractive—and you wouldn't believe what these gals can do with their cerci!

By the way, the RIP OFF PRESS is very well known "up ahead." I have found many references to you and the Press in the ceramic history cubes. It seems that THIS VERY ISSUE OF RIP OFF COMIX has found its place in history (it also happens to be the only complete publication to make it through the twenty-odd nuclear wars you're going to have before 2,000 A.D. Good luck!!)—it is *the* standard by which they judge their own art. I can't tell you how many of the GK'ZZCH'RPZ*KK-K-IC have had cosmetic surgery done so that they can look like Fat Freddy. Very unsettling when I see that familiar face protruding out from under an insectile pronotum. I understand that it's a current fad among the younger grubs.

It surprised me to see how many wonderful comic books you managed to churn out in the brief years before everything fell apart. SCABROUS PATCH SEX KIDS, BIG DICK MOTOCROSS SLUTS, NAKED BOOB LAFF PARADE, THE FUCK BUNNIES, HORNY FANBOY FANTASIES—the list goes on and on. How did you do it?

Give my regards to Kathe, Guy, Special Field Agent Baxter (you haven't met her yet—but you will!) and Robins—they're famous too!

—Paul

p.s.: It might be a good idea to move Rip Off Press to Tierra del Fuego before October 7, 1996. Just a thought.

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Spring 1991

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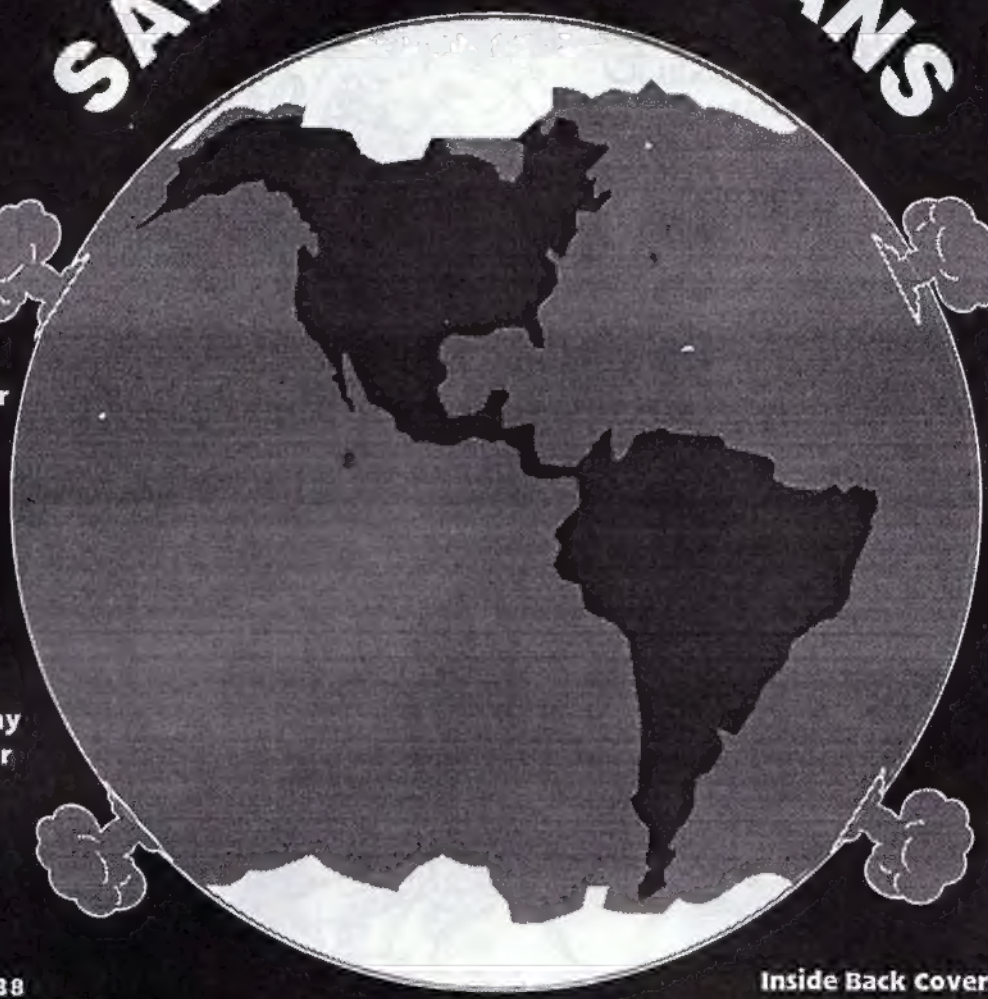
SAVE THE HUMANS



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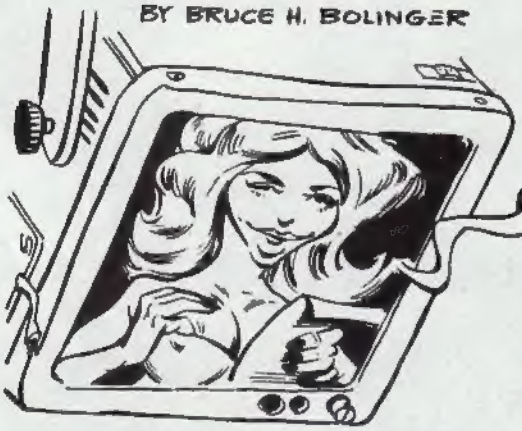
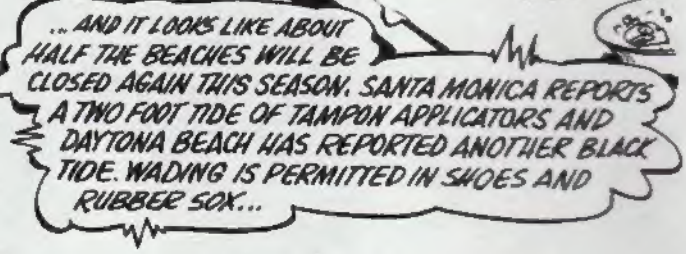
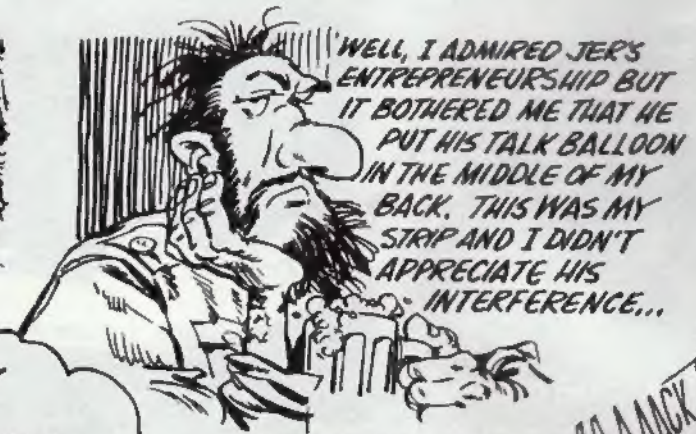
STRANGER
INNA STRANGE LAND
PRESENTS:
"...'CAUSE I SPENT MY TIME IN HELL"
© 1990 WHEW!
BY BRUCE H. BOLINGER

THERE I SAT, A FLESHY ISLAND OF SANITY AWASH IN THE LIGHT OF THE 6:00 PM NEWS. THE REBUILT PHILCO WASN'T SMOKING AS MUCH AS USUAL...




...AND IT LOOKS LIKE ABOUT HALF THE BEACHES WILL BE CLOSED AGAIN THIS SEASON. SANTA MONICA REPORTS A TWO FOOT TIDE OF TAMPON APPLICATORS AND DAYTONA BEACH HAS REPORTED ANOTHER BLACK TIDE. WADING IS PERMITTED IN SHOES AND RUBBER SOX...

HELL, I REALLY HOPE NOBODY CLEANS UP! I MADE $4200 LAST SUMMER SELLIN' BEACHED NEEDLES BACK TO THE JUNKIES...


WELL, I ADMIRED JER'S ENTREPRENEURSHIP BUT IT BOTHERED ME THAT HE PUT HIS TALK BALLOON IN THE MIDDLE OF MY BACK. THIS WAS MY STRIP AND I DIDN'T APPRECIATE HIS INTERFERENCE...

WOOPS! WELL, BACK TO THE STORY...
SWAAAACK
OKAY, BOYS... 11:00 PM NEWS NEXT...
YO, INNKEEPER!
...HOW 'BOUT ONE MORE FER MY BUDDY BEFORE HE GOES HOME...?

NOTHING MUCH HAD CHANGED SINCE 6:00 O'CLOCK... EXCEPT MAYBE THE COLOR OF JERRY'S SHORTS...
BAM BAM
...SUCKER OUGHTA' LAST MORE THAN 40 YEARS...SHIT...
SZZZZZZZZ...
...AND THE FAMOUS BAVARIAN BLACK FOREST HAS BEEN RE-NAMED THE BAVARIAN BLACK STUMPS. NEARER HOME, THE MISSOURI RIVER IS ONCE AGAIN AFIRE... BUT LOCAL AUTHORITIES HOPE CONTAINMENT WILL...
THAT WAS ALL I COULD TAKE... I HAD TO GET OUT!! I PREPARED THE STANDARD GOOSE GOODBYE SALUTE...
TWO HANDS, THUMBS TURNED INWARD SO YOU DON'T POKE YER EYES OUT.
...RAISED THE BREW TO MY LIPS... TOSSED IT BACK...
...AND NOTICED HOW MY SHOES FORMED A DELICATE PATTERN OF BLACK AND BROWN, OUTLINED BY THE FLY-STAINED CEILING TILE.
SNAP!
WHOA
CHECK IT OUT! HE DIDN'T SPILL A DROP!!
IN TED TURNER'S COLORIZED VERSION THIS IS A WARM YELLOW-WHITE...
THE NEXT THING I NOTICED WAS HOW BLACK EVERTHING HAD GOTTEN...AND HOW QUIET... YOU COULDA' HEARD A NUN FART.
THEN, ABOUT THE TIME I WAS BEGIN-NING TO GET BORED, A SMALL BRIGHT LIGHT APPEARED... BECKONING...

AND SUDDENLY I WAS FALLING TOWARD THE LIGHT...
I REALLY HATE THESE POSITIONS... EVERY DIPSTICK READING THIS CAN SEE MY THINNING HAIR...
THE OPENING RUSHED TOWARD ME. I HAD ONLY ENOUGH TIME TO READ THE SIGN AHEAD BEFORE BEING JERKED TO THE RIGHT...
EAST ST. LOUIS
HEAVEN
...HOPE THEY GOT CLEAN UNDERWEAR WHERE I'M GOING!!
...THEN OUT INTO THAT PULSING, PEACEFUL LIGHT...
...'BOUT TIME! THIS SILVER CORD ATTACHED TO MY ASS IS STARTING TO CHAFE!!
HEY, DON'T PULL ON THAT! IT'S YOUR ONLY WAY BACK!!
THE VOICE HAD COME FROM THE FAR END OF THE LONGEST BAR I'D EVER SEEN...
DAMN, THIS HAS TO BE HEAVEN... AND ME WITH-ONE FRIGGIN' DIME!
MILLER DRAFT
HEINE
YO, STRANGER, COME ON DOWN AND I'LL BUY YOU A BEER!!
OKAY, BE RIGHT THERE!
JUST KEEP THAT MONEY ON THE BAR!!
BOY, DO I HAVE THE QUESTIONS IF THIS IS REALLY HEAVEN...
...LIKE, HOW COME FAT PEOPLE LIKE POLYESTER AND WHY CAN THE POPE TELL PEOPLE WHAT TIME OF THE MONTH TO MAKE LOVE AND WHY COCKROACHES AND WHY DO WE HAVE MITES LIVING IN OUR EYE-LASHES... AND ...AND...
...DAMN! NOW THERE'S FOUR OF US. BUT WHY ARE THOSE TWO IN SILHOUETTE?

IT TOOK 20 MINUTES AND 2 REST STOPS BUT I MADE IT...
OKING
SURE, BOSS...
ARE YOU...??
YEP, I'M GOD.
THAT'S SO WEIRD... I JUST DIDN'T PICTURE GOD AS A SHORT, BLACK MAN WITH A BART SIMPSON HAIR CUT.
WELL, MY SQUEEZE HERE CALLS ME BLACK BART... YOU CALL ME SIR.
AH... PEARLY, GET MY MAN A COLD ONE... HE LOOKS LIKE HELL. BESIDES, WE DON'T GET MANY VISITORS.
SMOKING OR NON-SMOKING, AAARRRK!!
SO... WHERE YOU FROM, STRANGER?
ME? I'M FROM EARTH... BUT YOU OUGHTA' KNOW THAT!!
EARTH? EARTH... SORRY, I NEVER HEARD OF IT. BUT THEN I DON'T BOTHER MYSELF WITH TOO MANY DETAILS, YA KNOW? IT JUST BOGS THINGS DOWN.
PEARLY, YOU EVER HEAR OF EARTH???
UH... KINDA'...
SURE, BOSS... REMEMBER THAT FUNNY LITTLE PLANET WAY OUT ON THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE WHERE YOU USED TO DUMP THE STUFF THAT DIDN'T TURN OUT QUITE RIGHT?? REMEMBER THOSE LITTLE CHIMPS WITH THE BIG HEADS??
HEY DIPSHIT, WATCHIT!! THAT'S THE ELIXOR OF LIFE YOU GOT RUNNIN' DOWN MY ARM...
WHOA, DUDES! I WONDER WHAT I COULD MAKE WITH THIS? MAYBE ANOTHER SET OF GABOR SISTERS?
OKAY, LOOK... I KNOW YOU'RE REAL BUSY BUT I HAVE A PLANET THAT'S IN REALLY DEEP SHIT! WE'VE SQUANDERED AND POLLUTED OURSELVES TO THE EDGE OF EXISTENCE... WE'RE OUT OF TIME!
FLICK
JEEZUS! WILL YOU PAY ATTENTION!
BOCKATA BOCKATA
SOMEBODY CALL?

SOMEBODY CALL, HUH?
STREETS OF GOLD - GROUND LEVEL
YEP, THAT'S MY BOY!! HEY JESUS, BRING OUT THE COMPANY EASEL - I GOTTA' APE EDUCATING SESSION GOING OVER HERE!
WATER TO WINE CO.
JEEZUS, YOU DO GOOD WORK..KEEP IT UP AND IN A FEW BILLION YEARS ALL THIS WILL BE YOURS!
DON'T FORGET... SCRUB 'ROUND THOSE GOLDEN THRONES BACK THERE...
WELL, I ALWAYS WONDERED HOW HE KEPT BUSY BETWEEN THOSE VISITS TO EARTH...
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU EARTHLINGS VIOLATED MY TWO LAWS...
TWO??! HELL, I THOUGHT YOU HAD AT LEAST TEN..
NOPE! WE HAD TO RUN IT PAST OUR TEAM OF LAWYERS AND THEY ADDED THE OTHER 8... HEY...WADDYA CALL TEN THOUSAND LAWYERS IN HELL?
WHA?
A GOOD START!
YEAH, GREAT ONE POPS! WHERE THE HELL DO YOU WANT THIS ??
OK, CHIMP, LISTEN UP! LAW NUMBER ONE HAS TO DO WITH POPULATION...
OVER 20 BILLION SOLD
JEEZUS, JESUS...YOU DIPSTICK! THAT'S HAMBURGERS!! FLIP THE PAGE OVER...
PLANET CAPACITY
5 BILLION
HE EXPLAINED THAT WE HAD BEEN PROCREATING OVERTIME... BESIDES HAVING A LARGE HEAD, MAN HAD THE LARGEST PENIS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM AND WANTED TO USE IT EVERY CHANCE HE GOT...

OH, MARGE, EDIBLE PANTIES!!
OH RALPH, THIS IS REALLY ROMANTIC
OKAY, FIRST ROW... GRAB YER ANKLES!
JEEZ, MITCH HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE FOREPLAY, FIRST??
OH, OOOH, OOOOOH, OOH, OH, OOOOH, OOOH, OOH OH, OH
OH, FRANKIE, NOT HERE..
PSSSST! WANNA BUY SOME FRENCH TICKLERS?
YEP! 38D!!
SAM, I'M LATE..
NOSIR! MINE'S BIGGER!
NOTHIN' LIKE THEM MISSIONARY WIMMIN... SO SMOOTH, SO..
NILDA, LOOKIT THAT CLOUD... LOOKS LIKE A PAIR OF TITS!
..AND WHAT'S YER SIGN, HON?
SO, YER SISTER PUTS OUT??
RANDY, MY HUSBAND'S OUT OF TOWN TONIGHT...
THAZ RIGHT, IN AN' OUT AN' IN AN' OUT AN' IN AN'...
TEN BUCKS?! HELL, I USUALLY GET IT FER NUTHIN'...
YOU WANNA DANCE?
YEP, OLE BOB STILL DRAWS A CROWD!
DANG, THAT'S QUITE A GRIP YA GOT THERE!
...BECAUSE OF THIS PREOCCUPATION YOU'RE SCREWING YOURSELVES OUT OF EXISTENCE!
HEY, HOMEBOY.. YA'LL KNOWS WHERE I CAN GETS LAID??
AAARK! POLLY HORNY, POLLY HORNY, AARRRK!
I THINK I CAN FLASH 'ER NOW AND NOBODY WILL NOTICE...
DAMN, THAT FEELS GREAT!...WONDER WHOSE FINGER IT IS?
OOOOH, MARVIN... HE GRABBED MY PRIVATES!!
LOOKIT THAT BIKINI!
IT WASN'T A PRETTY PICTURE BUT THE SIGHT OF ALL THAT SKIN WAS GETTING ME WARM..

HE WENT ON...
...AND RULE NUMBER TWO IS SIMPLE... DON'T SHIT IN YOUR OWN SANDBOX!!
SIDNEY,...YOU REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT YOUR BEING THE LAST MAN ON EARTH? WELL, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND...SINCE YOU ARE...
DANGER
LAND FILL
GRRRIPP
GRAPE
BUT...YOUR TIME IS UP-YOU HAVE TO GO BACK! NO MORE LESSONS... THEY WEREN'T THAT TOUGH THE FIRST TIME AROUND.
WAIT! SURELY YOU CAN HELP!! YOU HAVE A LOT INVESTED IN THIS HUMAN RACE DON'T YOU.???!!
WOOP!
I'VE ONLY GOT 6 DAYS INVESTED IN YOU PROLIFIC LITTLE MONKEYS! BUT...I'LL BRING IT UP BEFORE THE COMMITTEE...
COMMITTEE?
WELL, IT'S A BIG JOB AN' I CAN'T DO IT ALL MYSELF... I LIKE MY WEEKENDS FREE!
THE PLACE IS RUN BY A COMMITTEE?
A COMMITTEE!
YOU GOTTA BE SHITTING ME!!
WHOAA...

IT CERTAINLY EXPLAINED A LOT TO ME!! BUT...SOMEHOW...I HAD ALWAYS SUSPECTED NO ONE WAS REALLY IN CHARGE...EVERYTHING SEEMED LIKE A COMMITTEE DECISION. THERE WAS LITTLE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT THOUGH AS HIS VOICE FOLLOWED INTO THE DARKNESS...
AAAAAHHH...AAAAA
ONE FINAL WORD, SIMIAN... YER FLY'S OPEN!!
PAAZZINGGGG
YERFLY'S OPEN...FLYS'ZOPEN...
..FLYZOPEN EYEZOPEN...
EYES'R'ZOPEN...
LOOK...HIS EYES ARE OPEN!!!
HE'LL BE OKAY!
I DON'T THINK HE EVER WAS...
GAWDAMMIT, IF HE'S BLEEDIN' ON MY FLOOR I'M CALLING PATROLMAN SMALLBERRIES!
IZZIT MY TURN TO BUY?? HUH?
GET HIM UP AND GET HIM OUT!!
JEEZ, JERRY YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE WHERE I'VE BEEN!!
WELL, FIRST I MET THIS LITTLE PEAR-SHAPED BLACK GUY...
YEAH, YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...YOU WERE GONE FOR AWHILE!
MEYBE YOU COULD TELL ME LATER... RIGHT NOW I'M HEADED FER PATTI'S PLACE. I'M GONNA GET LAID TONIGHT, YEP, YEP, YEP...
HEY STRANGER, YOU GOT A LOOSE SILVER THREAD HANGIN' OUCHU BUTT... MUST BE ONE A THEM NEW FASHION STATEMENTS, HUH???
FINI

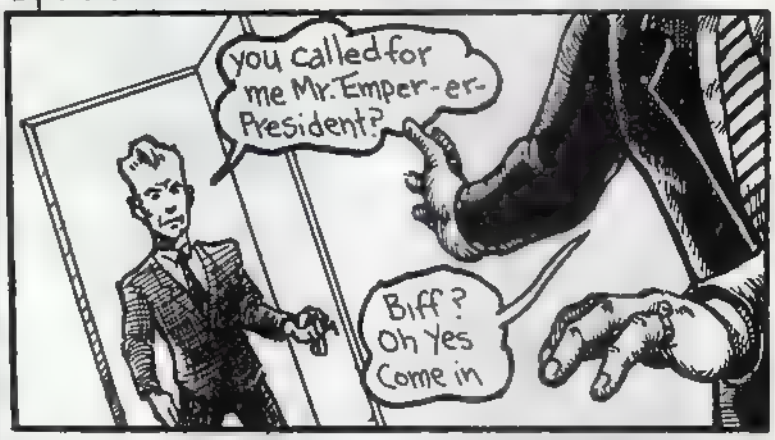
AGENT M
STOP!! DON'T SMOKE THAT JOINT!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?! WE'RE REGISTERED USERS, WE'LL BE SENT TO THE CAMPS, SOON ENOUGH...
SOY-ETS
Los Angeles, 2011
After decades of MIDEAST WARS...
NO, I HEARD ON LINE, AT THE WATER TRUCK—THE STUFF ON THE STREET NOW HAS BEEN SPLICED WITH AGENT M!!
SOY-ETS
AGENT M?! INSTANT MUTAGEN?? CHEAP DOPE FINALLY, I SHOULDA KNOWN IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...
© SHARON RUDAHL 1991
IF ONLY IT'S NOT TOO LATE, JESSE.
ONE TOKE, MA... ANYWAY, THEY SAY EVEN IF IT KILLS ADULTS, THE BABIES ARE BORN WITH SPECIAL POWERS.
AND WHO'S GOT THE TIME FOR BABIES? I'M SLAVING ALL DAY RECYCLING STYROFOAM, SO YOU USERS CAN BUY DOPE.
YOU THINK I LIKE SITTING AROUND, WAITING FOR THE NEXT ROUND UP? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US STILL CODED CLEAN FOR WORK...
NOW, CHILDREN, DON'T FIGHT. I PROMISE WE WON'T DO IT AGAIN, STEPHIE.
WE KNOW HOW MUCH WE DEPEND ON YOU, SINCE JESSE LOST HIS JOB AT THE LAB...
I'M SORRY, SWEETIE, I FORGET HOW HARD IT IS ON YOU. LET'S GO OUT, JOIN THE PARTY IN THE METRO TUNNEL. I'LL COVER MY LEAF PATCH, NO ONE WILL STOP US.
LET'S GO WALKING IN THE HILLS ALONE, INSTEAD.
ATTENTION! WORKER MOTIVATION!
PROVE YOUR LOYALTY AND TURN IN IMPAIRED WORKERS—DO YOU WANT TO MOVE UP TO THE OFFICE SUITE?
マクドナルド
NOT THAT MUCH...
THEY'RE TARGETING THE LAST USERS ON THE WESTSIDE—YOUR UNITS ARE ON THE LIST...

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME...
I'M TOO OLD TO RUN – BUT YOU AND JESSE MUST GET AWAY!
YOU SOLD THE HOUSE TO GET BILLY TO FREE CZECHOSLOVAKIA, MA. HOW CAN WE RAISE ENOUGH MONEY NOW?
OCCUPIED JAPAN, WELLER, ROSEVILLE POTTERY... DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THESE SELL FOR RECENTLY??
Butterfield & Butterfield since 1865
ENOUGH FOR FORGED PAPERS, AND PASSAGE TO THE FREE ZONE.
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
MA!
LET HER GO!!
BLAM
GET AWAY... SOMEHOW...
YOU DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS TRASH, M'AM.
EXCUSE ME, THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED HERE, SHE COLLECTED POTTERY AND CHOTZKAHS?
UNIT FOR RENT
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW... SHE WON'T BE COMING BACK...
MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE THIS, THEN. OUR AUCTION PRICE, LESS 20%, OF COURSE... SHE HAD EXTRAORDINARY TASTE.
Butterfield & Butterfield
MOMMY, I'M HUNGRY!
HUSH!
THE FREIGHTER WILL MEET US BEYOND CATALINA...
AT LEAST, JESSE'S BABY WILL BE BORN IN FREEDOM...
© SHARON RUDAHL '91

My name is Jack Biff - Senior NAZA space man - the President called me yesterday and begged me to...

SAVE THE HUMANS

by DM² 1990©



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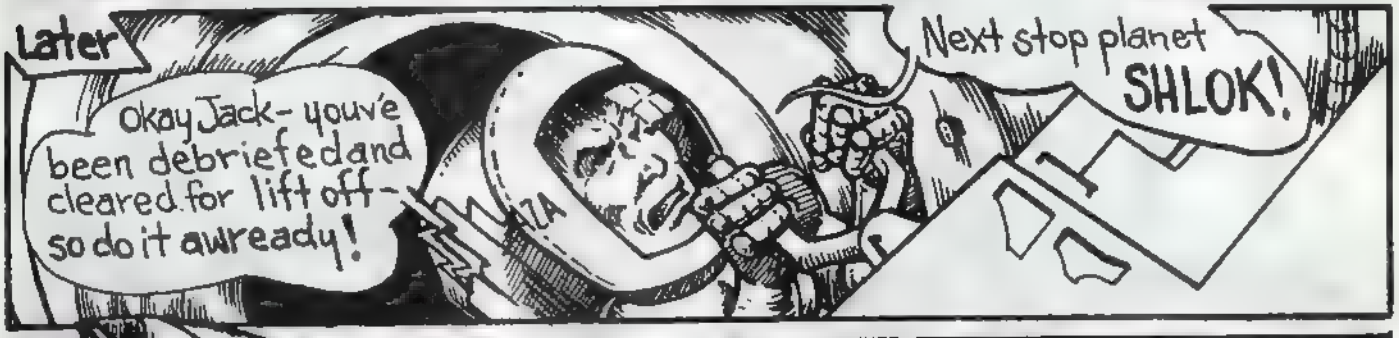
Thats cool Zwort! When you gonna do it? Huh? When?
Wednes Day Afternoon
Son, your country needs you - I beg you save us from this evil alien menace

you can count on me sir

you must go alone to insure absolute secrecy
I only hope I'm worthy of your trust

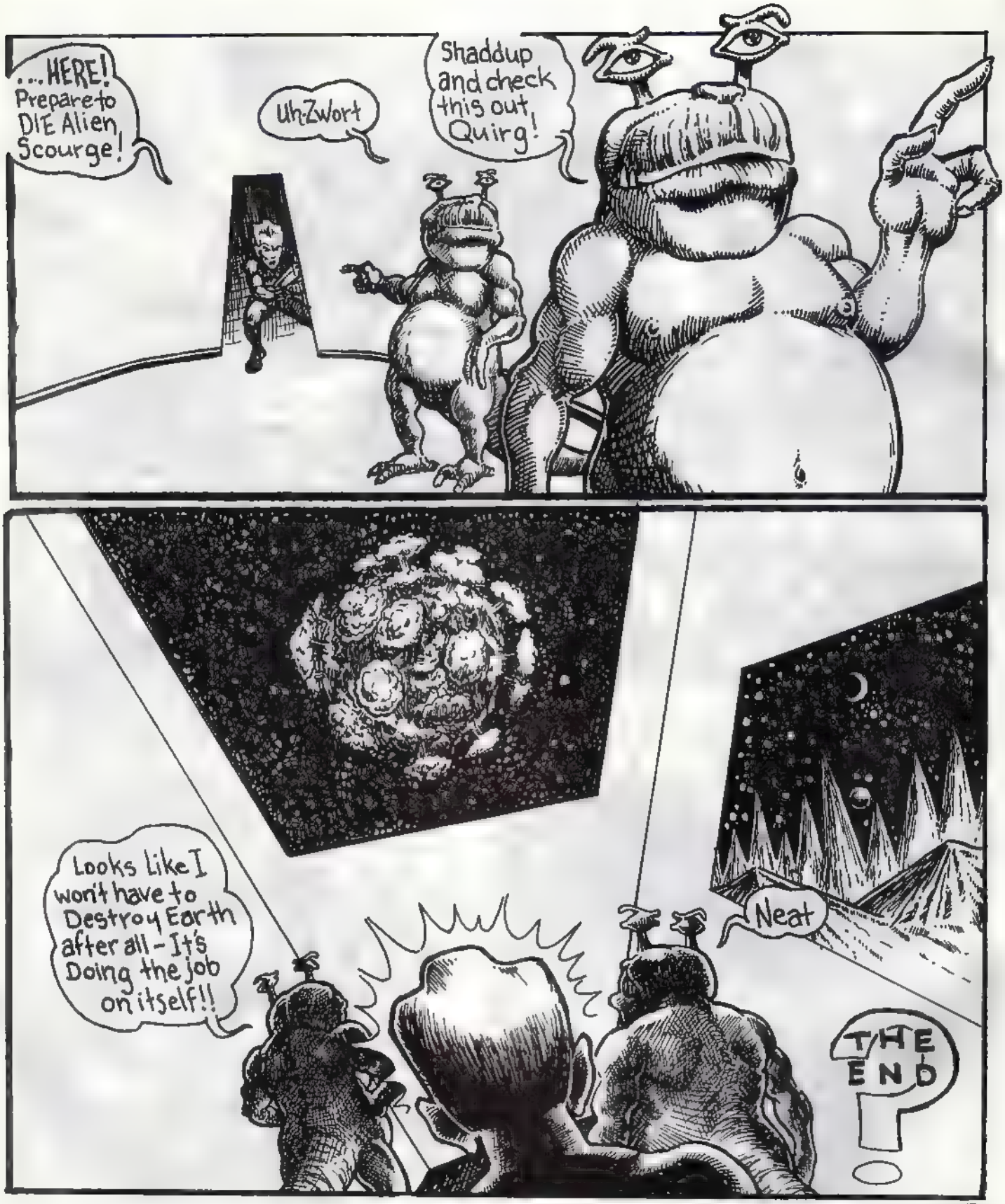

Later
Okay Jack - you've been debriefed and cleared for lift off - so do it awready!
Next stop planet SHLOK!

Ye Flippin Ha!

7

Zwort! Cmerén check this out!
Whoah-Hey Isn't that a giant cartoon bullet?
ACME
Push automatic defense activator
Ahah-the alien scum are pitifully trying something to defend themselves-
Bah! let them! this ship is constructed of indestructable alloy
What the?
FWAP
PROINGG
If they think this will stop the saviour of the human race they're wrong!
DEAD WRONG!
your vainglorious hubris amuses me human clown
Woshit.

But I must end your pitiful existance
insolent human insect, you but prolong your DOOM!
BLAST
CHOOM
cheezy Fuckin' Programmer
Now to put a stop to this heinous alien plot!
Another Tourist
What an obviously uptite fellow
DIE ALIEN FROGS!
KABLOWIE
if those science boys knew what they were talking about
their control center should be right about . . .
4


...HERE! Prepare to DIE Alien Scourge!
Uh-Zwort
Shaddup and check this out, Quirg!
Looks like I won't have to Destroy Earth after all - It's Doing the job on itself!!
Neat
THE END!

page 5

JAMBULA

Guy Colwell

Gathering Berries on Zomba Plateau, Malawi

During the months of September and October of 1990, I had the pleasure to travel for almost a month in Africa This camping trip on an expedition truck with 22 others took us through Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi. We visited large cities, small towns, rural villages, wildlife preserves and many natural vistas of great beauty. Instead of a camera, I carried only a sketchbook. It was an extraordinary experience. Not only was I able to complete about fifty fairly good drawings from life of the land, people, animals and villages in this place that has always been fascinating to me, but I've had an unexpected lesson about the power of art in people's lives.

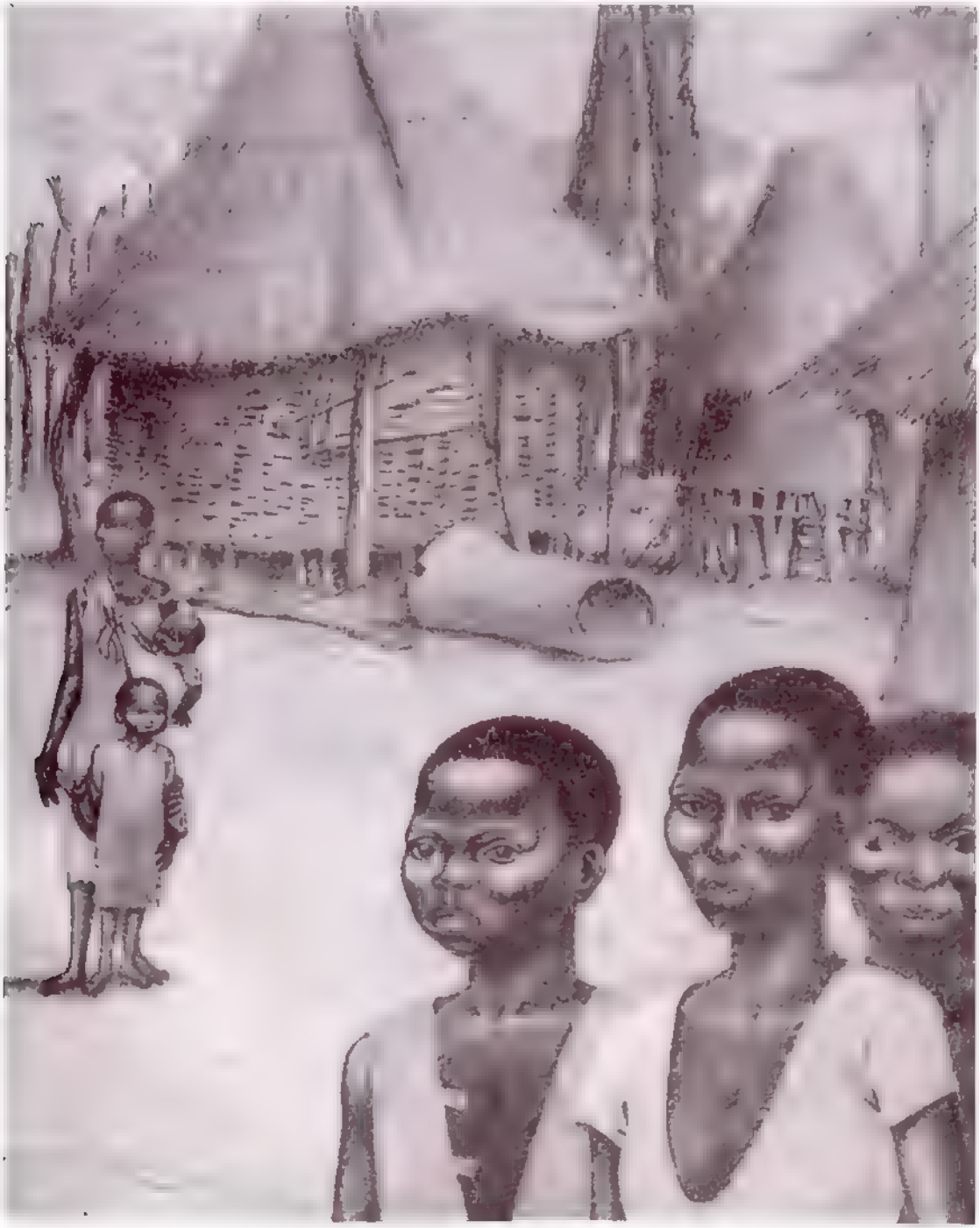
© 1991 by Guy Colwell

It is not difficult in a jaded and abundant society like ours to conclude that most people are indifferent to art, they some times seem so unresponsive, so unsupportive. This is largely due, I suppose, to an almost numbing excess of sensory stimuli color, music, film, fashion, television, illustration and advertising invades our consciousness from all sides in a grand barrage from which we only receive respite in sleep But, I discovered, to enter a less technically developed culture, where most of the entertainment we take for granted is unavailable, the simple act of sketching a picture can be the cause of great excitement and amazement Over and over again, when I sat down to sketch and I was in full view of the Africans, a wide-eyed crowd would gather around. They called it

Hungry Zambian Boy
Livingstone, Zambia

"jambula" in the Chichewa language of Eastern Zambia and Malawi, a word I found out at the end of my trip meant "snap shots", because I told them I did not carry a camera and drawing was my way of saving memories of the journey. They were so enthralled to see the picture of a face or an animal or scene appear on the paper, that I began to suspect in these poor societies people are starved for culture and entertainment—or at least for diversion from the grinding day to day process of survival—as they may also be starved for food.

The excitement generated by drawing was especially boisterous when I did quick portrait sketches. To start a face was to be instantly surrounded by a surging crowd of intent onlookers eager to watch this little bit of magic, or to participate in it by being a model. repeatedly I found myself nearly trapped within a dense circle of people pressing



Maize House
Cheperan, Zambia

Malnourished Boys
Luangwa, Zambia

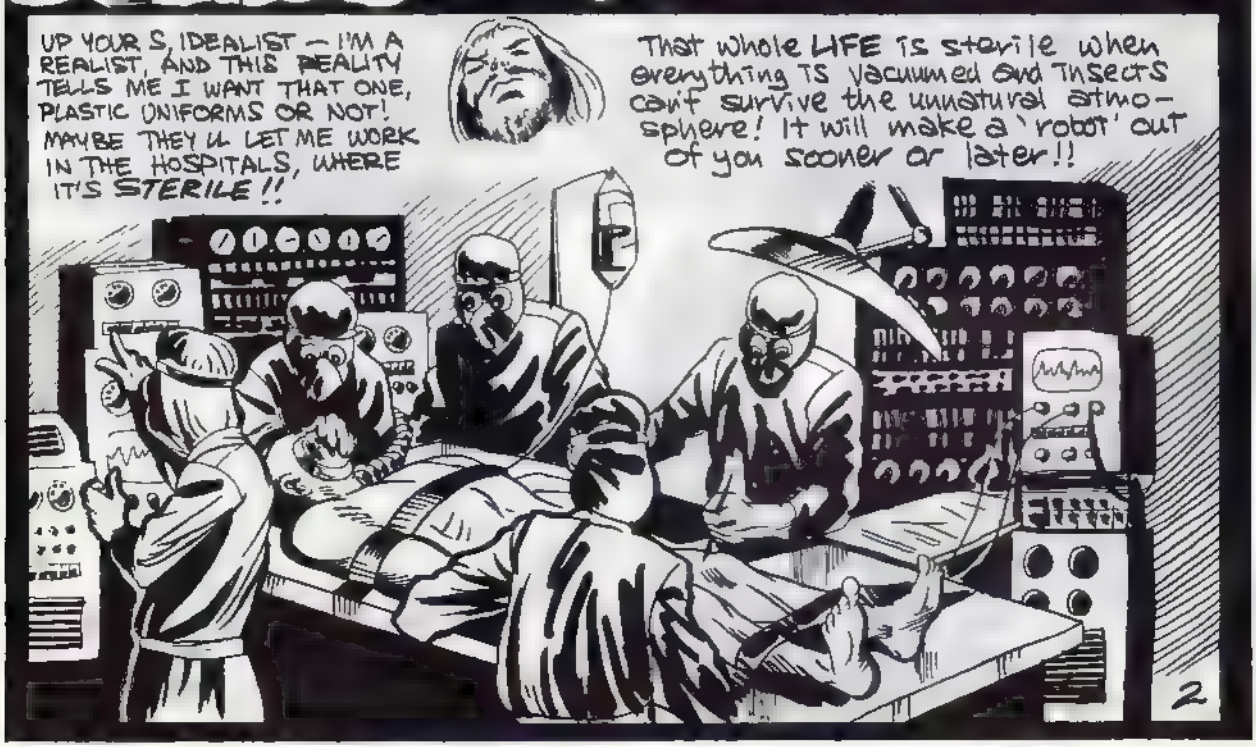
in from all sides for a look. I could generally do three or four quick faces before the jostling crowd made it impossible to continue. I gave most of these away to the subjects who posed, then I would smile and thank them all for their appreciative gestures and push my way through with several people begging me to do more I never felt in the least threatened while I was drawing, never concerned that this crowd might do me harm or attempt to pick my pocket or even beg for money. Survival reflexes became suspended In the act of sharing my art there emerged a special moment where the empty stomachs, bare feet, ragged clothing and dismal prospects of these patient and friendly people seemed for a while to be forgotten. Though it certainly didn't solve in the least any of the horrendous life maintenance problems faced by these human beings, I never before saw so clearly and dramatically demonstrated the spiritual nourishment that people can get from art. And it was a joy to me having this small gift to share.

GLOBAL WARNING

Story, penciling, lettering: RONN FOSS ©1990 — Inking: ERICH MEES

AW, HELL- FUCK YOU, I'M GOING TO JOIN THEM...
AND GET IN ON SOME OF THE GOODIES STILL LEFT IN THIS MISERABLE WORLD BEFORE IT'S GONE!
5-7
You've heard what they DO to outsiders —
do you want to go through the traumatic DEprogramming and REprogramming
and end up a VEGETABLE?

BETTER A COMFORTABLE VEGETABLE THAN THIS RAW SPARTAN EXISTANCE... I'M JUST NOT MADE FOR MAKING DO OR DOING WITHOUT — I'VE HAD TOO MUCH OF THE 'GOOD LIFE' IN THE PAST!
The past is past — you're needed here to help work on an improved FUTURE, if there is to be any at ALL!


UP YOUR S, IDEALIST — I'M A REALIST, AND THIS REALITY TELLS ME I WANT THAT ONE, PLASTIC UNIFORMS OR NOT! MAYBE THEY'LL LET ME WORK IN THE HOSPITALS, WHERE IT'S STERILE!!
That whole LIFE is sterile when everything is vacuumed and insects can't survive the unnatural atmosphere! It will make a 'robot' out of you sooner or later!!
2

THE LATER THE BETTER! I'M GOING FOR IT WHILE IT'S STILL THERE AND I CAN GET MY SLICE OF THE PIE, MADE FROM INORGANICS OR NOT!!
You miss the whole picture when you focus on pieces—remember this is still just a speck in space, self-contained, so their little pockets of isolation can't continue indefinitely lacking outside support... ours!
THAT'S ANOTHER THING—I'M TIRED OF BEING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ECONOMIC LADDER—I WANT TO CLIMB UP AND REACH FOR THE TOP, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
Stop thinking linear—life is a circle, everything relating to everything else... those ladders are only temporary props holding up very corrupt systems!
CAUTION
THAT SYSTEM HAS PERFUMED WOMEN WHO'RE CLEAN AND SOFT, NOT STINKING DIRTY AND HARD LIKE YOU! ANY OF THEM WILL SELL A NIGHT OR A LIFETIME, IF A MAN'S GOT ENOUGH CREDIT$
Sure, scents of alcohol, butane, and propane, so soft they can't do for themselves, thus become 'cheap' instead of independent with personal strength of character!
BEDS
WIGS
PISS ON YOU, BITCH—I'LL SHOW YOU STRENGTH... I'M STAYING TO FUCK YOUR BRAINS OUT—AND WORK LIKE A MULE TO HELP BUILD YOUR PRECIOUS NEW WORLD!
You're a genuine asshole—I don't know why I ever bothered with you at all... except you can be tender when you make a little effort, now and then!
End?

SPAM CHOWDER AND JACKELOPES

BY RANDY VOGEL

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE CAUSE YOU WANT PERFECT HAIR! CAN'T YOU BUY A PUMP?
PISSS
PISSSS

I WANT EVERYONE TO DIE FOR MY HAIR! THEY'RE ALL NASTY ANYWAY.
SPISSS
AAAAAE

WELL AT LEAST THAT'S OVER. LET'S GO TO THE SHOW.
LIVE NUDE GIRL
PIZZA

LET'S GET HIM!
YOW!

I'M GONNA GET YOU MOTHERFUCKER!
WHEW. WHAT THE HELL DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS?!

WISH

HI. HOW'RE YOU DOING? WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT? WANNA COME TO THE SHOW WITH US?
I DON'T KNOW. FASCISM I GUESS. WHAT SHOW? FUCK IT. I DON'T CARE. I NEED A BEER.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO ME! I WAS CHASED BY FIVE GUYS FOR ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

YEAH?

YEAH. FUCK THIS PLACE. THIS IS JUST SOME INSIGNIFICANT CLOD OF DIRT FLOATING IN THE UNIVERSE. I PAY MY TAXES, I PAID FOR MY NUCLEAR WAR, WHERE IS IT? I WANT IT. NOW!

YEAH

YEAH

YEAH

YEAH

WELL FUCK IT THEN

YOU KNOW, Dr. SEUSS HAD IT RIGHT! – BOIL THIS DUST SPECK!

KILL EVERY ONE WHO EVER WAS ALIVE LET NO ONE LIVE

BOIL THIS DUST SPECK BOIL THIS DUST SPECK

DIE DIE DIE

FUCK THE WORLD KILL THEM ALL SORT

LET GOD THEM OUT

FUCK OFF

POOF

KUBOOM

LATER ON, AFTER THE DUST SETTLES.

I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

GEE, ELLA YOU HAVE NICE BOOBS AS A PILE OF DUST, TOO.

FUCK OFF!

FUCK

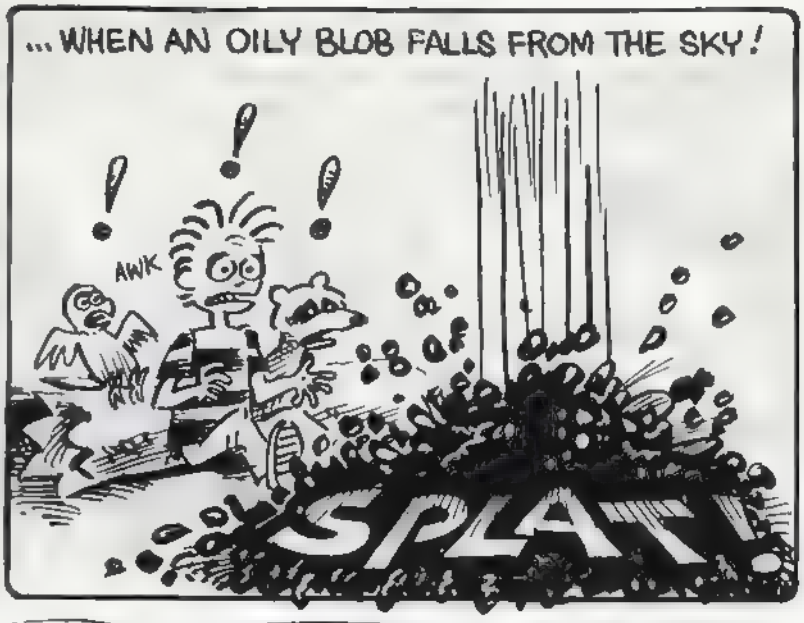
DON'T WORRY, OUR HEROES HAVE ONLY BEEN FREEZE DRIED. JUST ADD BEER.

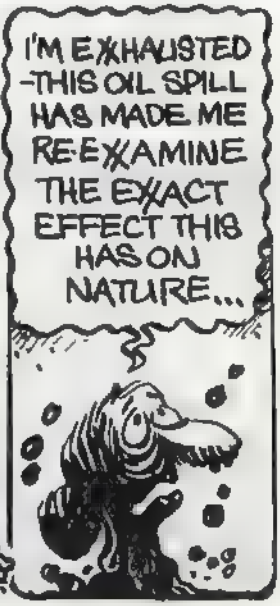
IN SAN FRANCISCO THERE IS STILL A PLACE UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION KNOWN AS

Green Spot

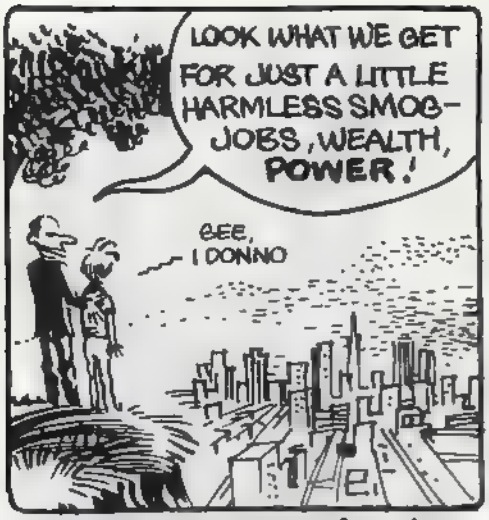
by R. DIGGS

THE STORY BEGAN AS A FEATURE IN "GREEN CONSENSUS" THE SAN FRANCISCO GREENS NEWSLETTER—IT WAS THE YEAR OF THE '89 QUAKE AND THE ALASKAN OIL SPILL—WE JOIN OUR STORY ALREADY IN PROGRESS...



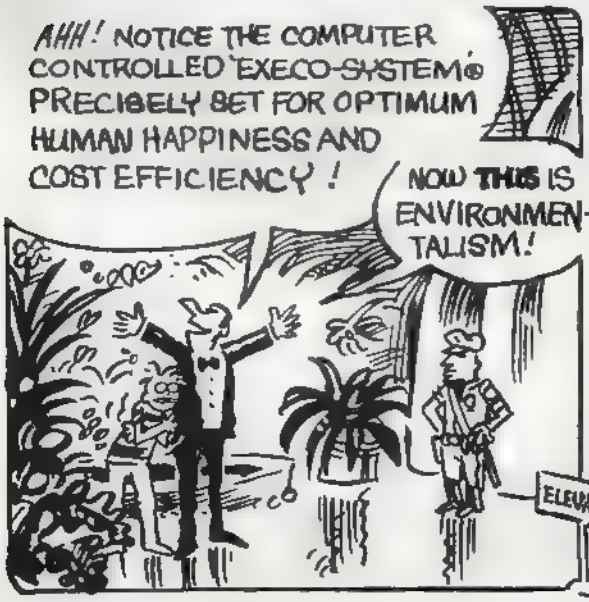


LIKE, IF THIS DOESN'T STOP YOU'LL SOON HAVE AN EX PLANET OF EX LIFE FORMS!
POOR DEAR SHE'S DELIRIOUS
WHO COULD DO SUCH A FOUL MEAN THING?
EX EX IT'S ALL EX EX
HA! IT'S THE WORK OF A BUNCH OF
MEN
PEOPLE
ANIMALS
I'VE BEEN KEEPING NOTES AND I'VE DISCOVERED
—MOST MEN DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO CLEAN
...THEY JUST MAKE MESSES
LOOK, I'M TRYING
WHAT?
DON'T LISTEN TO HER, SHE'S ANTI-BUSINESS
SUCH A NICE GIRL
EZ OFF
I FEEL SICK
I FEEL SO HELPLESS
POOR GREENY! WE'V GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
YES! YES! BUT WHERE DO WE BEGIN?
AS IT HAPPENS, I'VE BEEN TAKING NOTES ON THAT TOO
FLIP
WE NEED TO HELP: THE SKY ABOVE AND THE EARTH BELOW- THE SEA, LAND AND AIR. ALSO, BELOW THE EARTH AND ABOVE THE SKY. AND...
AND MY RAIN FOREST?
DON'T LISTEN TO HER JUNIOR. SHE'S TALKING GREAT EXPENSE AND JOBS, KID, JOBS!
SEE I DONNO
SHE JUST DOESN'T UNDER STAND
LET ME SHOW YOU...

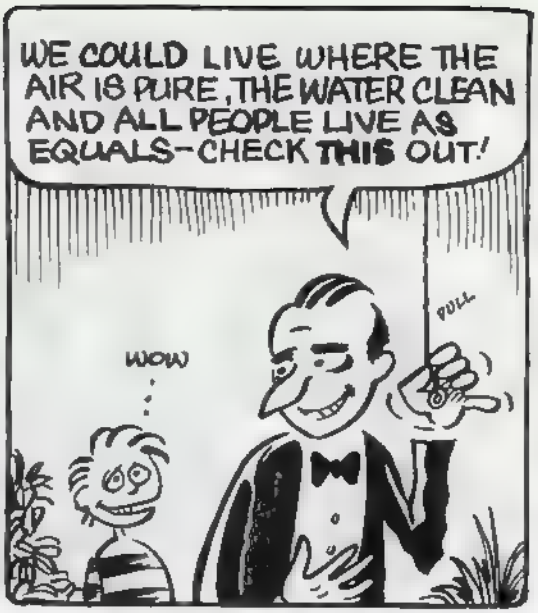


COME, LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MONEY WORKS, SAID MR. EX.

IT IS, RANDY REPLIES, SADLY

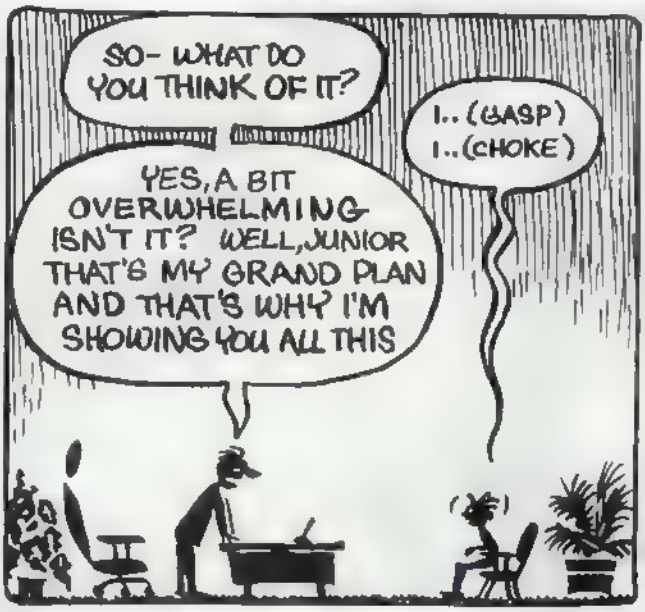


THINK OF IT- INSTEAD OF LIVING IN A POISONED VAT OF OUR OWN MAKING-


WE COULD LIVE WHERE THE AIR IS PURE, THE WATER CLEAN AND ALL PEOPLE LIVE AS EQUALS-CHECK THIS OUT!
WOW
PULL

A SPACE COLONY FOR CHIEF EXECUTIVES!
SPACE COLONY
CARGO SHIPS
EARTH
WHUMP!

AND FROM THE SAFETY OF SPACE - WHO CARES IF WE POLLUTE!
WE'LL MAKE TRILLIONS!


SO- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
YES, A BIT OVERWHELMING ISN'T IT? WELL, JUNIOR THAT'S MY GRAND PLAN AND THAT'S WHY I'M SHOWING YOU ALL THIS
I.. (GASP) I..(CHOKE)

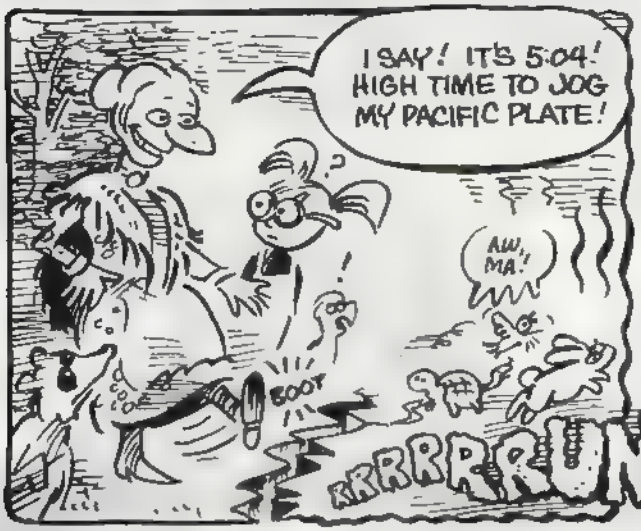
I WANT YOUR HELP

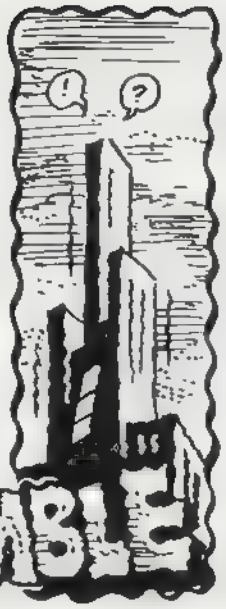
HELP? ME? HOW ME? ME HELP? UG HELP, HELP!

HOW CAN YOU HELP?-I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! YOU SEE, WHOLESALE EXPLOITATION WOULD BE AN EASIER SELL WITH A GREEN FACE
A GREEN FACE

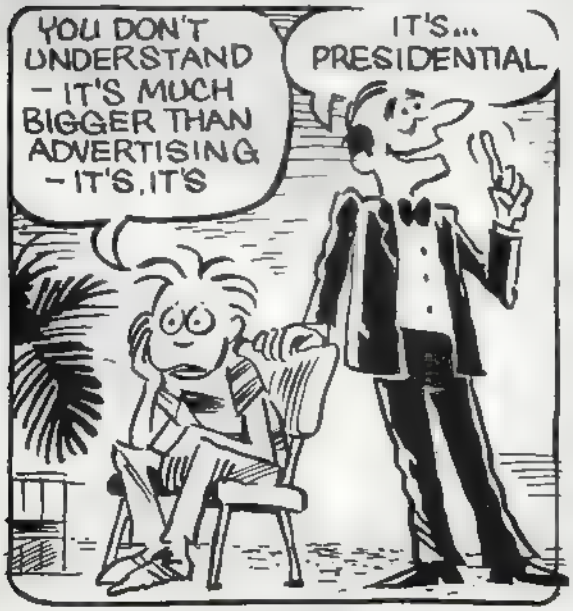
AND I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE THESE GREAT GREEN CONNECTIONS AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT KIND WILL RESPOND TO-BECAUSE IF WE CAN SELL GREENS, WE CAN SELL ANYONE!

ABOUT THIS TIME GREENY DECIDES TO MAKE SOME MINOR ADJUSTMENTS





JUNIOR JR. DECIDES MR. EX IS GOING TOO FAR:



CAN THIS BOY BE SAVED? A BIRD REPORTS

CUTEY BUNNY™
IN: THE GREAT CALF CRISIS
BEER BASH PANTY RAID...
OR: THIS SCUDS FOR YOU!
PEORIA... HOME OF MARINE RECRUITER, CPL KELLY O'HARE (WHO INCIDENTALLY IS THE HEROINE OF THIS STORY...)
ARMED FO
RECRUIT
WHAT?!?
MARINES
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN
JOSHUA DANIELSON
INKS: F. WEBBINS, + SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS TONY TO DOG...
HOW CAN THIS DO THIS TO ME??? I'VE BEEN MOBILIZED..!!
NOW WHERE AM I GOING TO FIND A SITTER FOR TAFFY, FOR THE NEXT EIGHT MONTHS???
AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY..."CHANGE OF BACKGROUND ESTABLISHING SHOT"..WE FIND CPL O'HARE DEPLANING IN...
SAUDI ARABIA...
WOW, SUN AND SAND!!
NOTHING BUT BEACH AND GUYS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN...
CORPORAL O'HARE
STEP OVER HERE LADIES, AND WELCOME TO SAUDI ARABIA... NOW PLEASE COLLECT YOUR FIRST ISSUE, (ONE EACH) OF THE NEW M5-B FEMALE CAMOUFLAGE GEAR... AT THE REQUEST OF OUR SAUDI HOSTS YOU MUST WEAR THEM AT ALL TIMES WHILE STATIONED IN COUNTRY...
YES SIR... I...ER... WHAT IS THIS..??
WUN

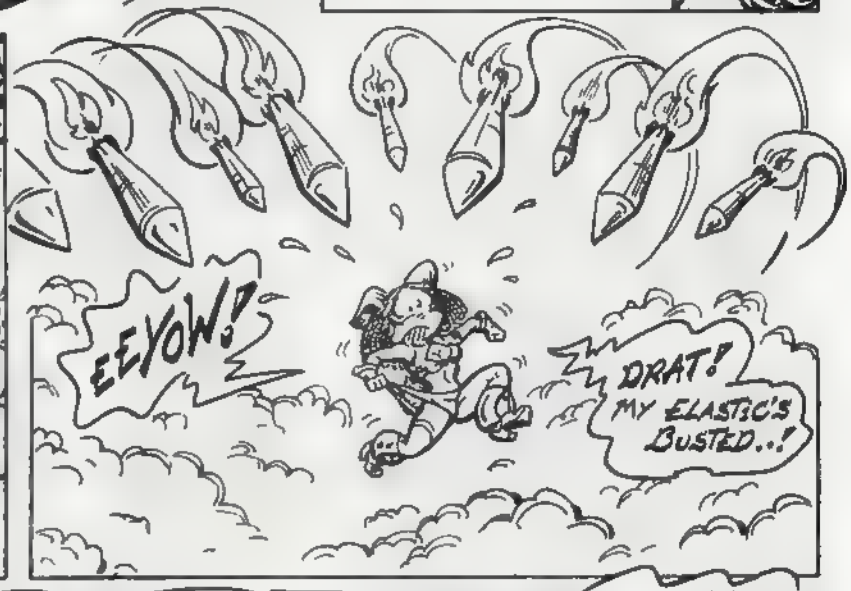
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS..! AN ARMY BLANKET..!!
AND REMEMBER, WHILE WE'RE HERE, BE DIFFIDENT,.. ALWAYS WALK FIVE PACES BEHIND A MAN,.. NO DRIVING, NO SMOKING, NO DRINKING, NO SMILING, NO SINGING, NO HUMMING DON'T EVEN BREATHE HARD..!
AND ABOVE ALL... ALWAYS WEAR YOUR M.5-B FEMALE CAMOUFLAGE GEAR..! REMEMBER OUR SAUDI HOSTS ARE VERY CONSERVATIVE!
THIS ISN'T A WAR..! THIS IS AN ARABIAN NIGHTMARE!!
BUT JUST WHEN IT SEEMS THE CRISIS HAS REACHED CRITICAL MASS,.. THAT IS TO SAY,.. A WET BLANKET HAS BEEN THROWN OVER THE CHEESE CAKE POTENTIAL OF THIS STORY...
ARRRR

WITHIN MOMENTS... HIGH OVER THE ARABIAN DESERT...

LEGGO MISSILE?! I NEED THOSE?!

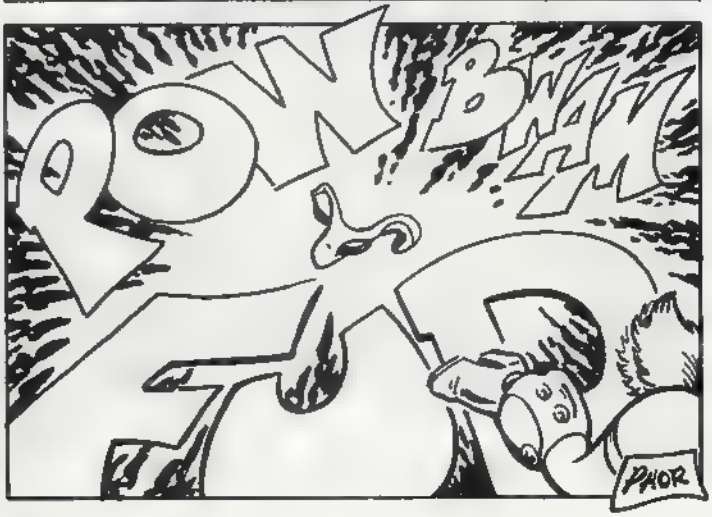
WHEW...GOT 'EM...SLIGHTLY SINGED BUT STILL BETTER THAN...UAOH...IT'S HEADED BACK TOWARDS THE OTHER SIDE...

OUCH..! I BET THAT HURT..!
OH WELL... ALL'S WELL THAT...


EEYOW!
DRAT! MY ELASTIC'S BUSTED..!

MEAN WHILE, NOT FAR BELOW...
HOW MANY MISSIONS FLOWN TODAY..?
WELL IT'S BEEN A LI'L CLOUDY...
I'LL HAVE TO CHECK ON THAT...
GENERAL, TELL US ABOUT THE STRIKE REPORTS...
ANY WORD ON THE B-52s?
WELL...THAT'S NOT MY AREA OF RESPONSIBILITY...
WHAT ABOUT THE OIL SLICK?
WHO CUTS YOUR HAIR..?
I HEAR IT'S BLACK AND STICKY..
SHMEPW' NOMPW

HOWEVER...I THINK I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT WE HAVE KNOCKED OUT ALL THE SC...
GANGWAY!


POW
BWAM
PHOR

HEY, LOOK WHO DROPPED IN WILLIE...
OOOOOOOO WOW! WHAT A NIGHT..!
GWAN, BEAT IT KID..!
THIS IS A FOX HOLE, NOT A RABBIT BURROW!
WAIT A MINUTE...
I RECOGNIZE HER NOW...
OH GOLLY NOT AGAIN!!
SAY, THAT'S RIGHT... AIN'T SHE THE ONE WOT RECRUITED US..?!? SHE SIGNED ME UP AS A COMPUTER PROGRAMER...
YEAH... AN SHE PROMISED ME A SPOT ON THE STARS AND STRIPES PAPER!
"JOIN THE MARINES AND SEE THE WORLD," SHE SAID..!
OH... ARE YOU FROM PEORIA TOO..?
UMM... YOU GUYS HAVEN'T SEEN A PAIR OF WHITE PANTIES AROUND HERE HAVE YOU..?
"ADVENTURE EXCITEMENT EXOTIC CLIMES!"
SOME LOUSY CHUNK OF THE WORLD THIS IS..!
NO BEER, NO FOOT-BALL, NO GIRLS IN THE USO SHOWS, AN ESPECIALLY NO BEER!!
BUT BUT...
SOME EXOTIC CLIMES! WHAT IS THIS?? THE WORLD'S LARGEST ASH TRAY? NOTHIN' BUT SAND AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE..! NOT EVEN A LOUSY CACTUS!!
NOT ONLY NO BEER, BUT I BEEN HERE SIX MONTHS AND I AIN'T BEEN ON TV YET! ...AN THERE AIN'T NO BEER..! AN ALL THE MOVIES IS CENSORED AN...
YOU MEAN LIKE, NO BEER..?
UHHH JOE,.. I THINK WE'RE OVERLOOKING SOME-THING IMPORTANT...
SOMETHING SHE SAID...
NO... SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT..!
LIKE,.. NO PANTIES!
GOSHAROOTY THESE GUYS ARE WORSE THAN THE MISSILES..!
LOOK A GIRL!
WOW!
GIRLS!
A GIRL
WHAT,.. NO BEER..?
NOTE KIDS: IMPROPER USAGE OF M5-B FEMALE CAMOUFLAGE GEAR...
DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME...
PHyVe

SOMETIME LATER, AFTER LEAVING THE TROOPS EXHAUSTED...(AND FURTHER MISUSE OF HER M5:B CAMOUFLAGE GEAR) KELLY SHAKES THE SAND OUT OF HER TAIL AND CALLS TOGETHER ALL THE OTHER WOMEN IN THEATER OPPS...

GIRLS, I CAN'T KEEP PROMOTING MORALE AROUND HERE ON MY OWN...

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE PUT AN END TO THIS MESS!! WHAT WE NEED IS A COMMANDO RAID...!

BLIMEY

WE'RE WITH YOU!

RIGHT ON!

LET'S GO MATE

THAT VERY NIGHT IN THE STYGIAN DARKNESS, THEY CREPT DEEP BEHIND ENEMY LINES...WHERE COVERTLY THEY ERECTED A SECRET APPARATUS...

SHE'S RIGHT TOP SIDE MATES...

OKAY GIRLS, LET'S TURN ON THE JUICE

ALL HOOKED UP IN BACK...

THEN AS THE GENERATOR CRANKS UP...500,000 CANDLE WATTS LIGHT THE NIGHT...

HEY LOOK

BEER

BEER

WHEEEEE

BEER

BEER

BEER

BEER

BEER

BEER

BEER

BEER

GANGWAY

BEER

THE THIRSTY MARINES' SURPRISE CHARGE THROUGH ENEMY LINES STOMPED ALL OPPOSITION FLAT..! WITH THE ENEMY CRUSHED, THE WAR WAS OVER... THEY PARTIED ALL NIGHT...MOST OF THE GIRLS WENT HOME EARLY ON MATERNAL LEAVE...AND EVERYBODY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...*

BEER

YAY!

BEER

GEE THIS BEER TASTES LIKE OIL...

BEER

BEER

BEER

BEER

WELL,...SOME PEOPLE WERE HAPPY...

*OKAY OKAY...BUT IT IS A COMIC STORY YOU KNOW...

MEAN WHILE, IN WASHINGTON...

SIR... THEY'RE MAKING FUN OF YOUR WAR AGAIN..!

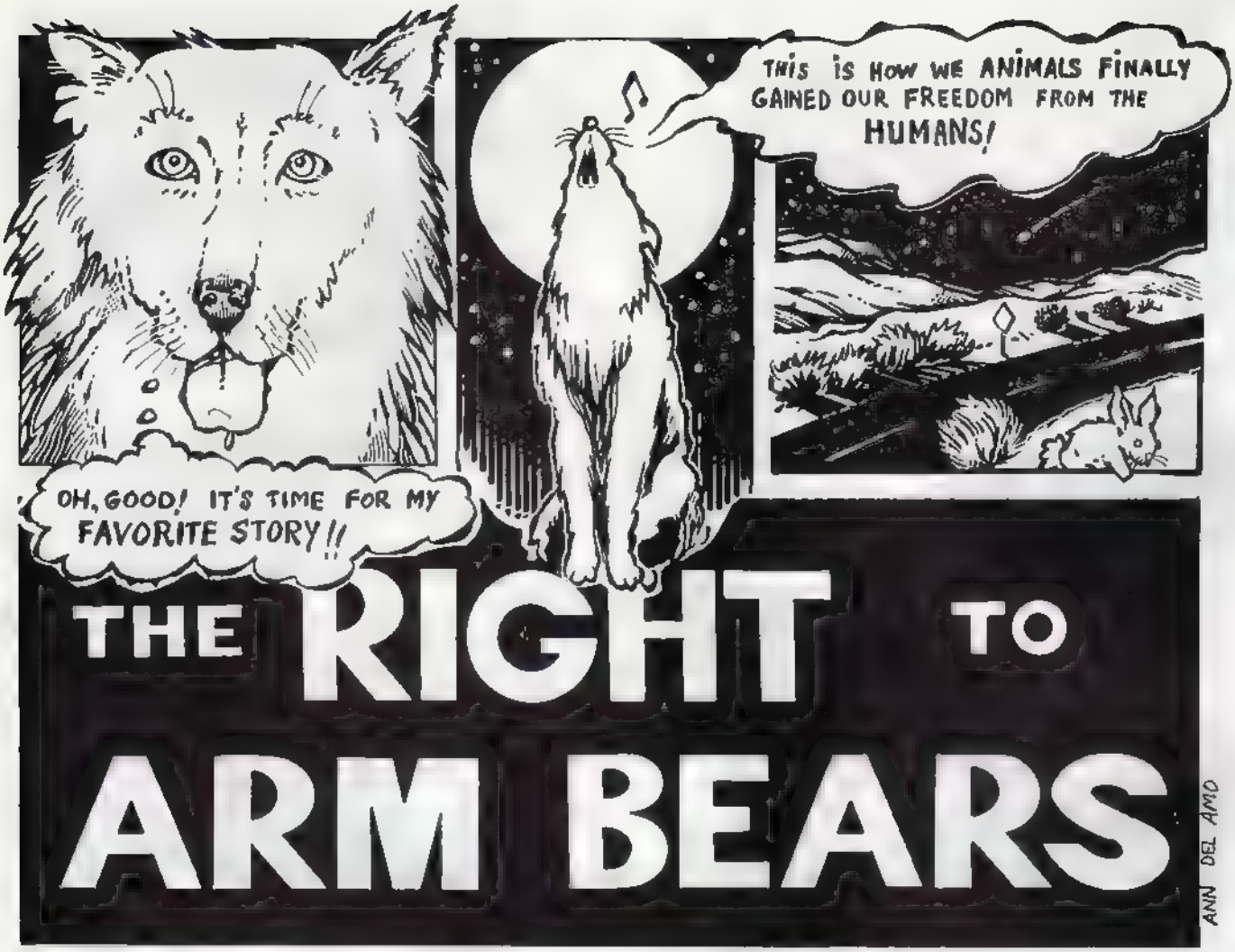
SUDS FOR SCUDS? I SHOULD'VE KNOWN SHE'D MAKE A MESS OF MY WAR THING..!

THE NOT QUITE ROUND OFFICE

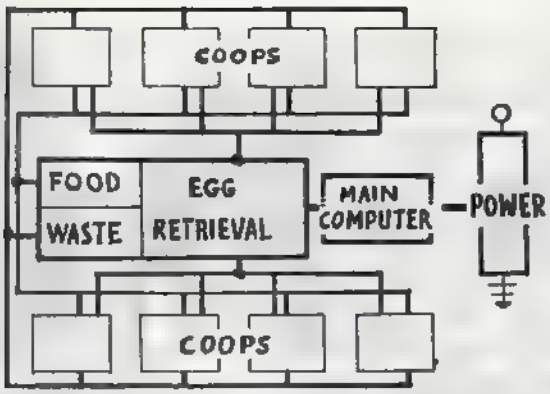
OH GEE, NOW WHERE'S OLLIE WHEN I NEED HIM?

I WONDER WHAT VLAD THE IMPALER WOULD HAVE DONE..?

IF ONLY IT WERE THE END...

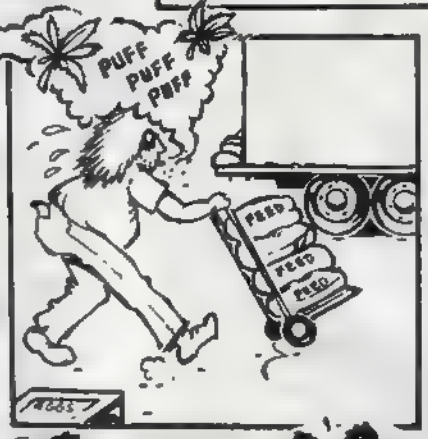

OH, GOOD! IT'S TIME FOR MY FAVORITE STORY!!
THIS IS HOW WE ANIMALS FINALLY GAINED OUR FREEDOM FROM THE HUMANS!
THE RIGHT TO ARM BEARS
ANN DEL AMO

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN CALIFORNIA, THERE WAS A "CHICKEN RANCH"... THE INFAMOUS SANTA COCINA CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR CHICKENS!
SANTA COCINA
MODERN POULTRY FACILITY
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! I'LL NEVER HEAR A SEXY ROOSTER CROW AGAIN... I'LL NEVER SCRATCH AROUND ON THE GROUND AGAIN!
THEY KEEP US IN THESE CAGES WITH THOSE BRIGHT LIGHTS ON ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT!
AND THEN THEY STEAL OUR UNBORN CHILDREN!!
SQUAWK
SLOOOCH!
ZIP!!
1.

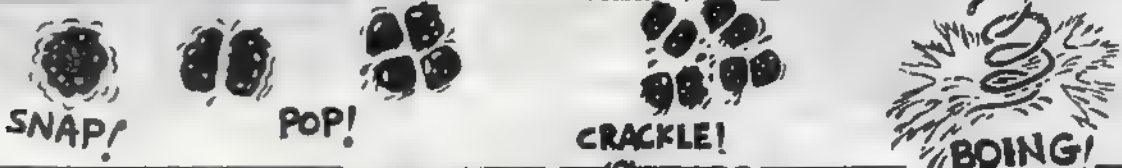


SANTA COCINA IS A STATE of the ART AUTOMATED POULTRY FACILITY.

ALL IT NEEDS IS A WEEKLY VISIT BY ONE HUMAN IN A TRUCK TO BRING FOOD, TAKE AWAY THE EGGS, AND TO CHECK THE COMPUTER.

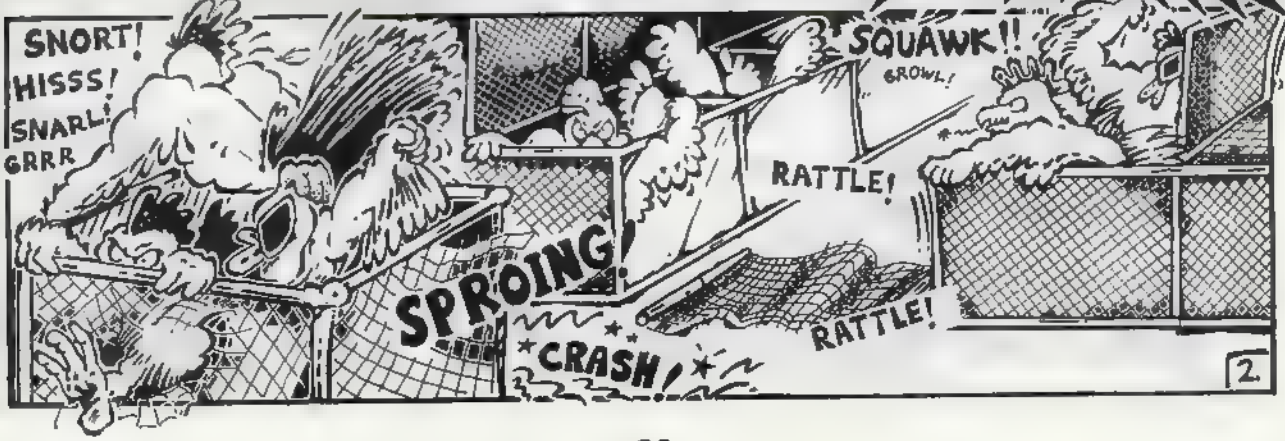


A COMPUTER WARNING GOES UNHEEDED.



• CODE 13 ERROR •

WARNING: SEVERE FEED MIX IMBALANCE. STEROID FACTOR MUST BE ADJUSTED IMMEDIATELY! FAILURE TO COMPLY WILL RESULT IN GROSS MUTATION AND/OR MALFUNCTION OF POULTRY PRODUCTION LINE!!



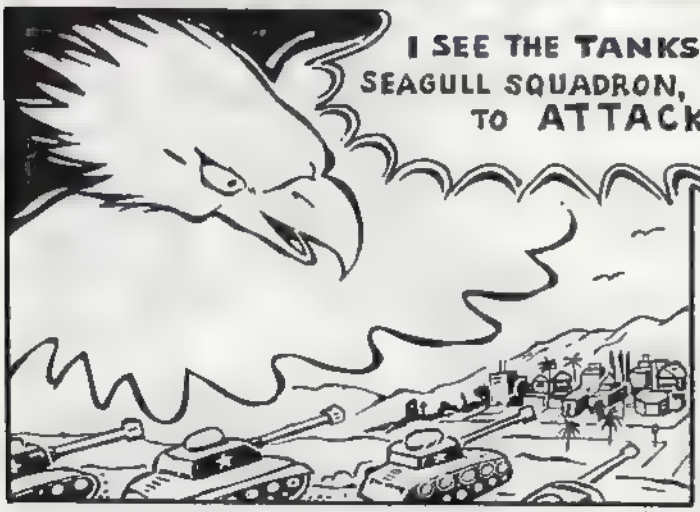
BORED...
A FEW DAYS LATER...
WHY IS IT SO QUIET? WHERE IN THE ARE THE CHICKENS!!?
SNORT
EEEK EEEK EEEK EEEK
VROOM!
VROOM!
SLAM!
WHOOSH!
CRASH!
EEEEK HELP! GIANT CHICKENS!!
FOOM!
YEAH!
COMRADE ANIMALS! NOW IS THE TIME TO OVERTHROW THE HUMAN OPPRESSION! JOIN THE REVOLUTION!

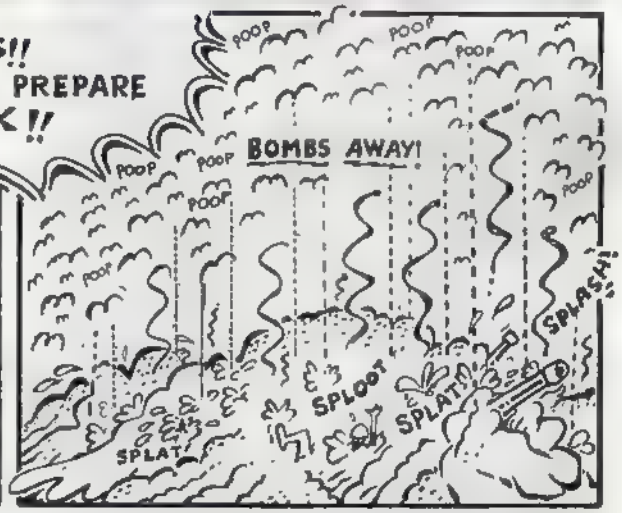
RUMBLE
MOOOO
THUNDER!!
THE REVOLUTION QUICKLY GATHERS MOMENTUM!
EEYOW! GIANT ** CHICKENS
LET'S GET THAT TRUCK! HE'S THE ONE THAT STOLE OUR CHILDREN!
WELCOME TO RAMONA CA
BUCKAROO INN
THE DRIVER FLEES TO HIS FAVORITE REFUGE.
GIANT @G* CHICKENS ARE ATTACKING!!!
HAW HAW HAW
HAW CRAZY HIPPIE HAW
CRASH!!
MOTEL
911!! BIG CHICKENS!
PHONE
K.R.A.P. TRAFFIC... BIG CHICKENS AND ANIMALS ON INTERSTATE 15...! HUH?
T.V. NEWS
DUH.
PANIC PANIC PANIC PANIC PANIC PANIC
HEY YOU GUYS! WHERE DO YA THINK YER GOIN' WALKIN' ON THE FREEWAY IN THEM CHICKEN SUITS?!
HIWAY PATROL
CHICKEN SUITS?!
I'M TALKIN' TO YOU! YER UNDER ARREST!
LET ME DRIVE!
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN IF YOU HAVE NO ATTORNEY
EEEEEEYAAAA
KICK!
BLINK
FLASH
FLASH
YEEHAW!
HIWAY PATROL
SCREE
OFFICERS NEED ASSISTANCE!! NOW!! HELP-HELP-HELP!! MAYDAY!!
YOW!
YEEHAW!
REVOLUTION! ARM THE BEARS!!

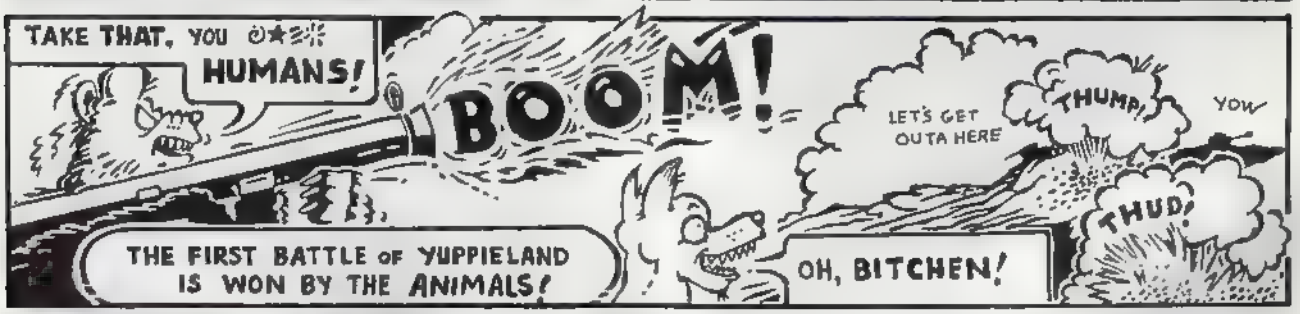
DIE, YUPPIE SCUM!
A TRENDY SUBURB GETS INVADED...

THE MAYOR IS NOTIFIED
ARE YOU ON DRUGS?

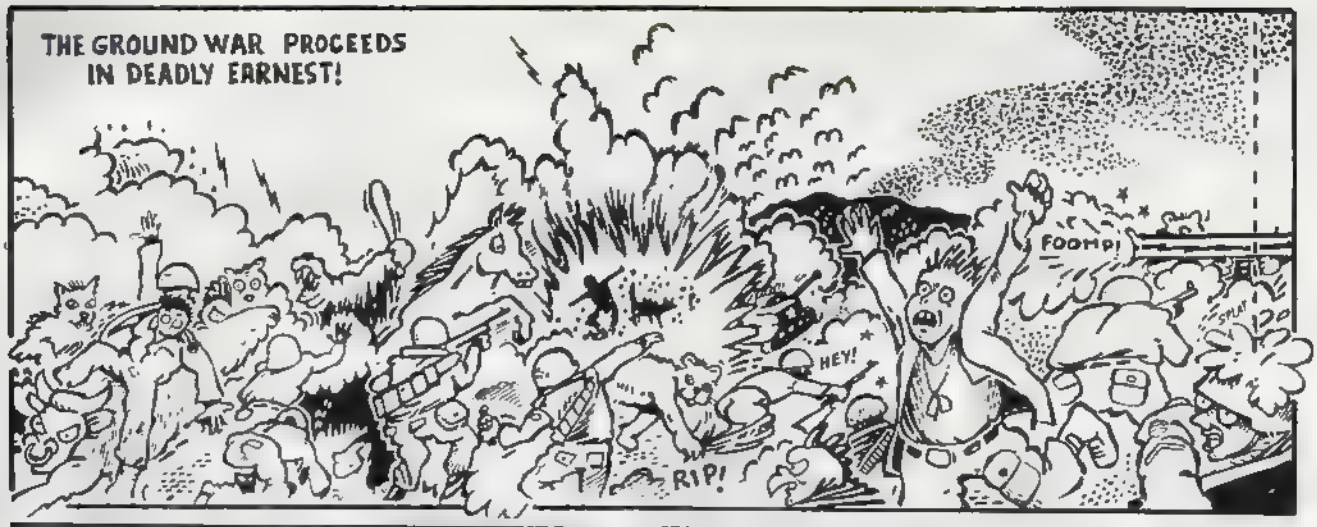
THE MILITARY IS CALLED OUT!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
ARM THE BEARS!
GROWL!
AWOOO!!
SNORT!
CACKLE CACKLE!!
SQUAWK!


I SEE THE TANKS!! SEAGULL SQUADRON, PREPARE TO ATTACK!!


BOMBS AWAY!
POOP
SPLAT!
SPLOOT
SPLAT!
SPLASH!


TAKE THAT, YOU HUMANS!
BOOM!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE
THUMP!
YOW
THUD!
THE FIRST BATTLE OF YUPPIELAND IS WON BY THE ANIMALS!
OH, BITCHEN!

WAR IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
THE WORLD REMAINS GLUED TO THE ASTONISHING DEVELOPMENTS THRU THE MAGIC OF MODERN COMMUNICATIONS!
WELL, THE ANIMALS HAVE AIR SUPERIORITY BUT WAIT TILL THE GROUND WAR!



FROM THEIR H.Q. IN THE FAMOUS SAN DIEGO ANIMAL PARK, THE REVOLUTIONARIES CONFER.

SO DO THE HUMANS, DEEP INSIDE A SECRET BUNKER NEARBY!!

THE THING THAT ATE TOKYO & GOT INDIGESTION!

IT WAS A TYPICAL DAY IN TOKYO. GODZILLA WAS REZONING THE DOWNTOWN AREA AS USUAL, WHILE EVERYONE LEISURELY WENT ABOUT THEIR EVERYDAY BUSINESS OF FLEEING IN MORTAL TERROR. THERE WASN'T THE SLIGHTEST CLUE OF THE EARTH-SHAKING EVENTS THAT WERE SOON TO UNFOLD...

TWEET

TOPPLE

KERUNCH

DISLODGE

SNAP

EEK!

ニッサン

EEK ALSO!

EVENTS SO HORRIFYING, SO UNSPEAKABLE, THAT WE'RE NOT GOING TO MENTION THEM...

INSTEAD, LET'S FOCUS ON WHY THIS DUDE DOESN'T LOOK THE LEAST BIT JAPANESE...

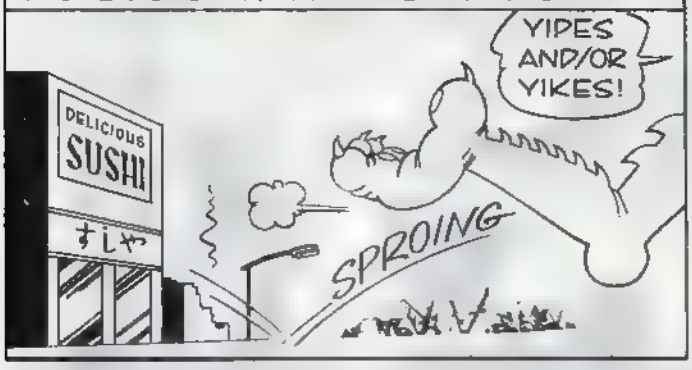
SAY WHAT?

ACTUALLY I'M FROM DETROIT... ER, I MEAN BURBANK, NO, WAIT... NEW YORK!

COULD IT BE THAT OUR SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING FRIEND ISN'T REALLY FROM DETROIT OR BURBANK OR NEW YORK? COULD IT BE THAT HE HAS SOMETHING TO HIDE?

NOPE! SO LET'S IGNORE HIM AND GET BACK TO THE MAIN POINT OF OUR EXCITING STORY.. OH NO! I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO LATE! IT APPEARS TOKYO HAS BEEN EATEN! ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A SUSHI BAR IN THE GINZA AND A HANDFUL OF SEVERAL MILLION SURVIVORS...

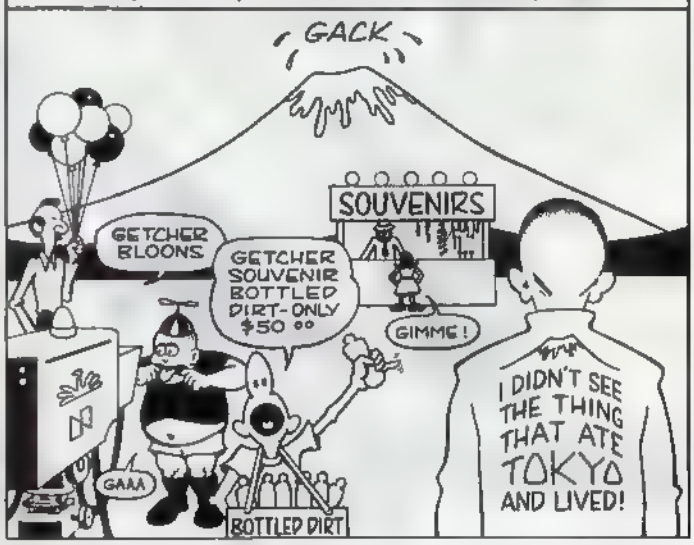
EVEN GODZILLA HIMSELVE HAS HEADED FOR HIGHER GROUND, FEARING FOR HIS LIFE...



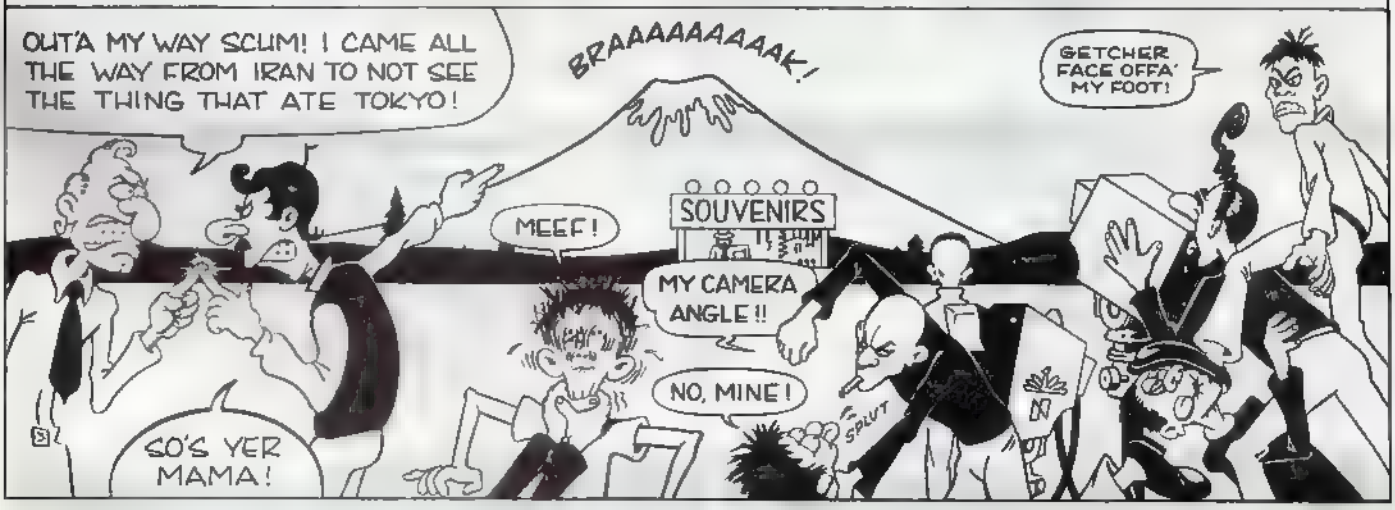
AND AS THE DUST SETTLES, IN THE DISTANCE WE CAN HEAR A CLEAR, ALTHOUGH DISTINCT...

YES, THE THING THAT ATE TOKYO HAS TAKEN REFUGE INSIDE THE EXTINCT VOLCANO – MT. FUJI, AND HAS AN EXTREMELY MILD CASE OF GAS, AND I DON'T MEAN PREMIUM UNLEADED!

SLOWLY, HORROR AND CONFUSION GIVE WAY TO PANIC AND DISORIENTATION MIXED WITH A BIT OF FREE ENTERPRISE AS THE CURIOUS ARRIVE TO NOT SEE THE THING THAT ATE TOKYO SINCE IT'S LIKE, HIDING, AND CAN'T BE SEEN, Y'KNOW?



YES FOLKS, IT HAS BECOME A MEDIA EVENT. THERE IS SUCH COMPETITION FOR A BETTER POSITION TO NOT SEE THE THING THAT ATE TOKYO THAT IT'S MODERATELY AMAZING!



ALL OF A SUDDENLY-WITH NO WARNING WHATSOEVERMORE, IN THE MIDST OF CHAOS, UNEXPECTED SILENCE ERUPTS AS THE THING THAT ATE TOKYO CEASES BELCHING WITHOUT FURTHER HASTE!

HOLY RAVIOLI!

I DIDN'T HEAR THAT!

SNORP!

ZOOM

LIKE, I DIDN'T HEAR IT TOO!

SOUVE

WHA?

AS THE WORLD'S EYES ARE RIVETED, (A PAINFUL CONDITION) DISBELIEF TURNS TO DOUBT.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I KIND'A DOUBT IT!

HOLY SOCKS!

AND NOW... AN IRRELEVANT AND OBNOXIOUS JOKE...

LOOKS LIKE A BOOGER...

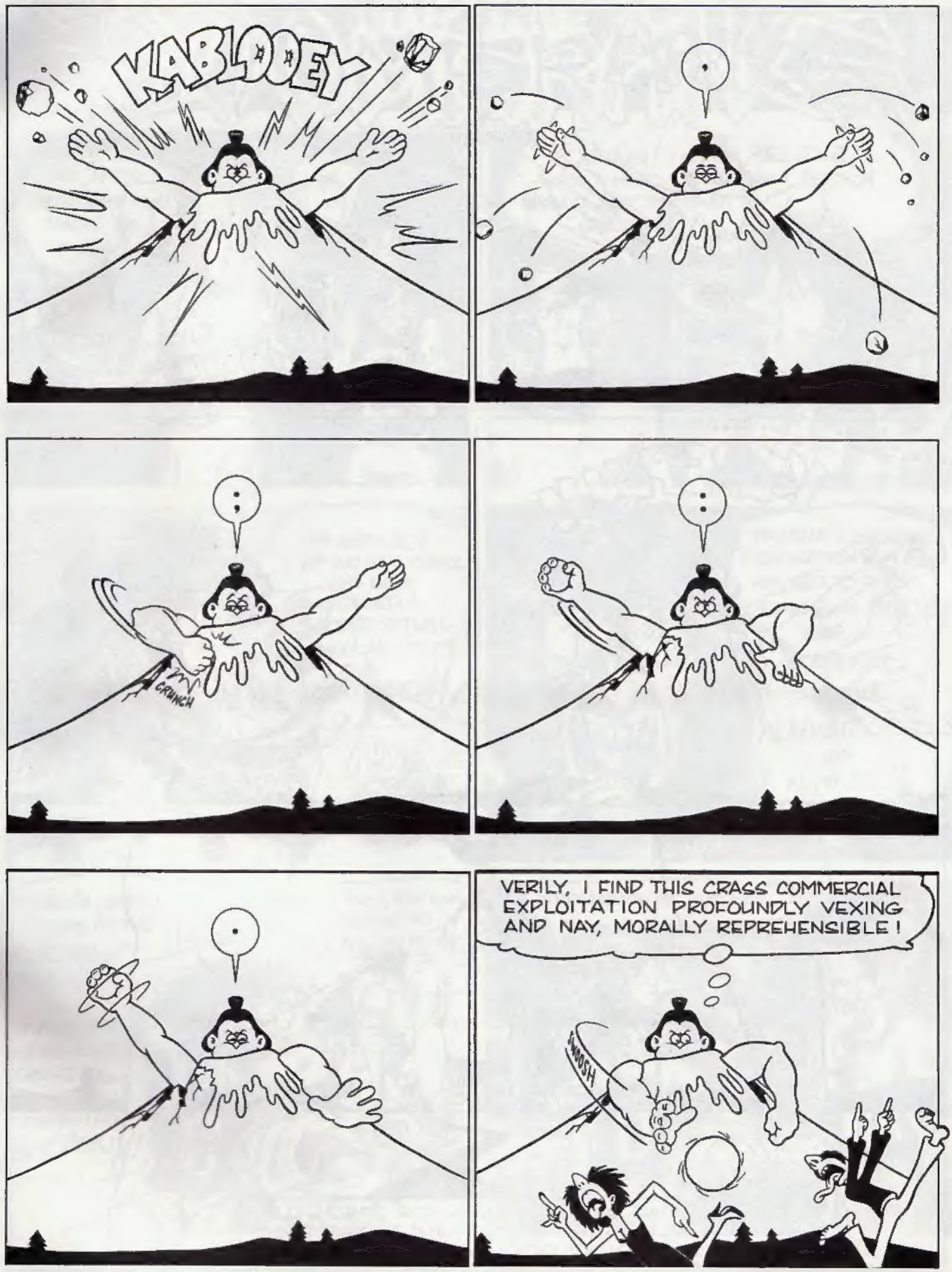
BUT IT' SNOT!

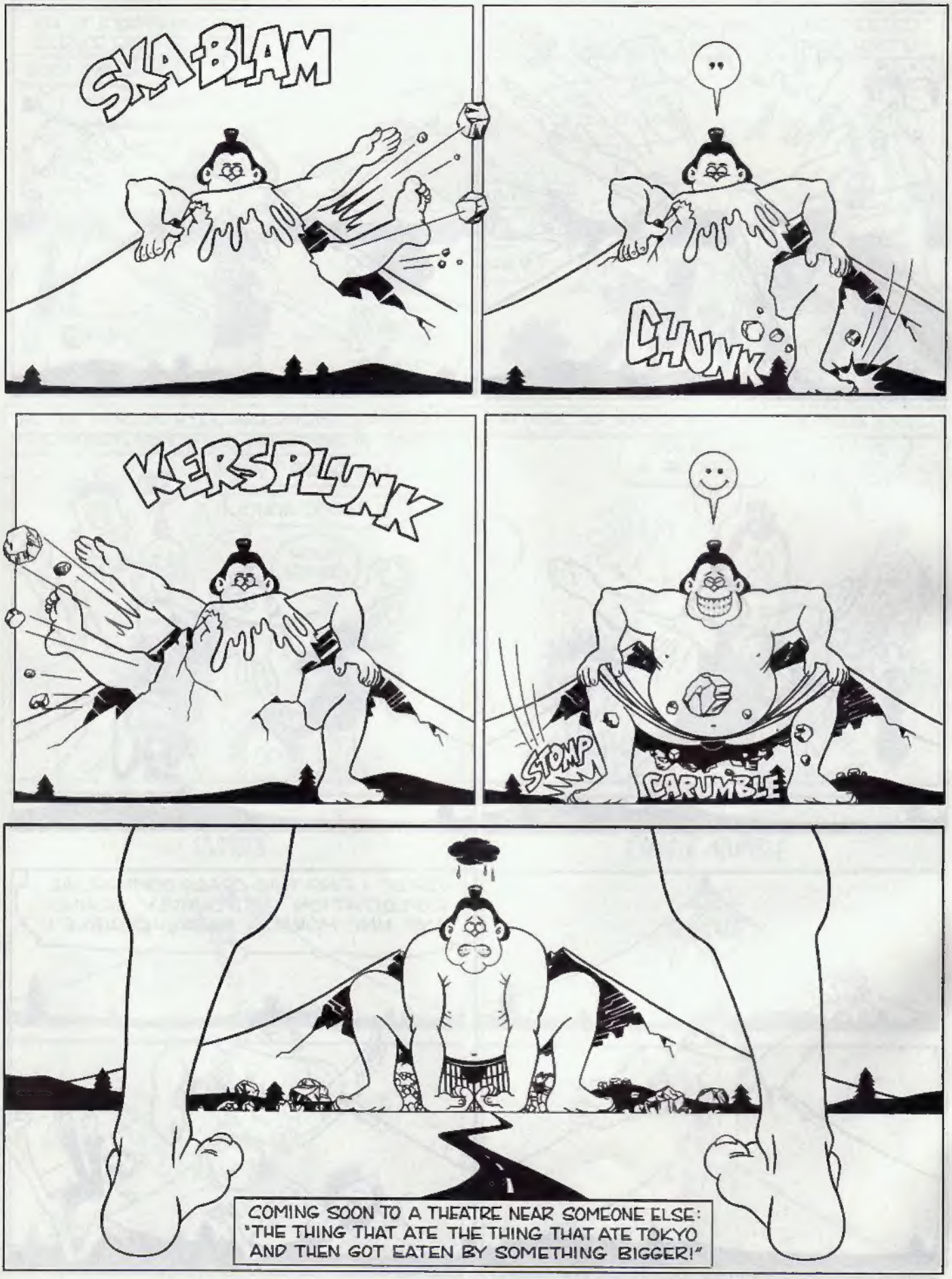
RUMBLE

RUMBLE-RUMBLE

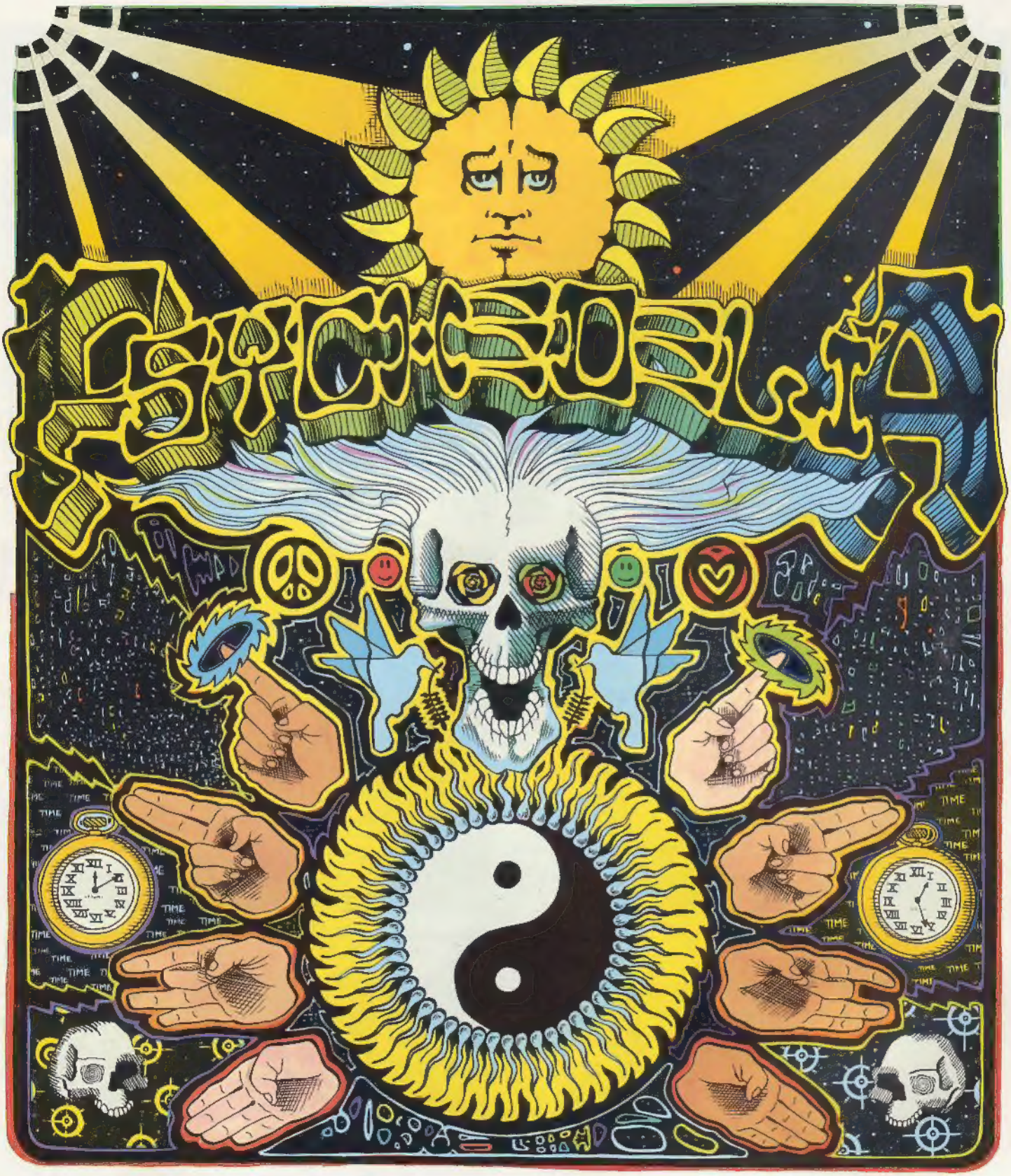
!

?


KABLOOEY
CRUNCH
VERILY, I FIND THIS CRASS COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION PROFOUNDLY VEXING AND NAY, MORALLY REPREHENSIBLE!
SWOOSH


SKA-BLAM
CHUNK
KERSPLUNK
STOMP
CARUMBLE
COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR SOMEONE ELSE:
"THE THING THAT ATE THE THING THAT ATE TOKYO
AND THEN GOT EATEN BY SOMETHING BIGGER!"

CAPTAIN BOOMERANG


PSYCHOBILLY
TIME

1986